SWITZERLAND

AND THE SWISS

M. Auden -

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

THE GRIMSEL, NEAR GUTTANEN.

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS:

SKETCHES OF

THE COUNTRY AND ITS FAMOUS MEN.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHTS OF THE FROZEN SEA,"

ETC., ETC.

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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SWITZERLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

TIME was when that "little spot of earth" in the centre of Europe which most persons who have a little money to spare, now hope at some period of their lives to visit, was by no means so familiar to the people of other lands as it is at present.

Shut up within the barriers of the Alps, and with no inclination to trench on those domains that lay beyond, the hardy Swiss were once almost unknown, even to the inhabitants of those countries which bordered on their own; and so they remained until about the middle of the fourteenth century. Some curiosity regarding these rude and simple mountaineers was at that time excited

by rumours of the resolute struggles for freedom which they were carrying on, and of the resistance which they were offering to the attempts of a certain neighbouring prince who was endeavouring to enslave them. But even then, and for long afterwards, this brave little nation was practically very remote from England, and scarcely known except by hearsay, or by a few travellers' traditions.

Possessed of no such natural riches as the far-off Indies, and destitute of the attraction of courts and palaces, Switzerland allured neither the merchant, nor the man of fashion; while quite as little did the student of the past find himself drawn to a country where old ruins and old sites like those of Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor were almost wholly wanting.

In those days—and they continued until very lately—the world in general did not travel. It was only certain people who took journeys even in their own lands, to say nothing of foreign countries. Men "run to and fro" now: they did not do so then.

Our better roads, our better police, our modern stage-coaches, our steam-boats, our railways, have made the difference; and it is an immense difference—one which the present generation cannot possibly appreciate.

Even Sir Walter Scott in his "Anne of Geierstein" tells us that he had never been in Switzerland! And yet, when the modern passion for travelling began to prevail, Helvetia very soon became the favorite country for a ramble. At least, Murray tells us, that it was the first that was honoured with a guide-book.

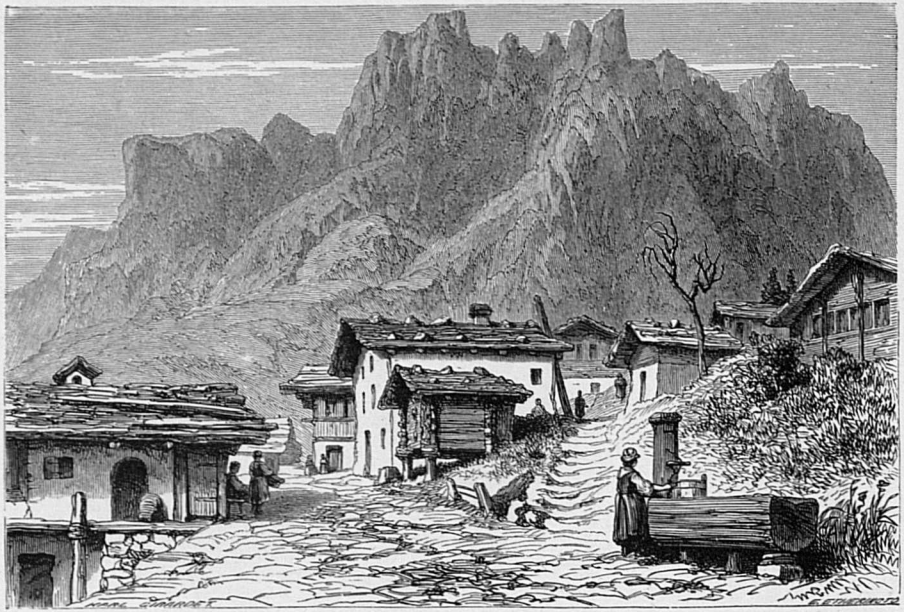
In the present day, with the exception of our American cousins, we English people visit those Alpine regions more than any others; for now, truly, as Rogers says, "Ours is a nation of travellers; none want an excuse; if rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if learned, to relax from their studies."

Thus it has come about, that a month or two of mountain breezes, and of the enjoyment of most grand and varied natural beauties, away in this land of freedom, and of almost primitive sim-

plicity, are things within the possible reach of most of us.

It is the country, no doubt, and not the people, that we go to see; and there do we find, as Dr. Lardner says, "contrasts of nature to be met with nowhere else in our quarter of the globe;" for "no other division of it presents a panorama so astonishing, no other exhibits so surprising a diversity of landscapes, ever interesting, and ever new in their features. Nowhere do such extremes meet as in Switzerland; where eternal Alpine snows are fringed by green and luxuriant pastures; where enormous icebergs rise above valleys breathing aromatic scents, and blest with an Italian spring, and where the temperatures of each zone alternately reign within two or three leagues."

But it is impossible to become acquainted with all these wonders of creation—to grow familiar with the flora and fauna, with the geological and atmospherical peculiarities, the glaciers, the strange red snows, the stupendous heights and yawning rifts of that wondrous little country, and not to



LOUÈCHE-LES-BAINS, NEAR THE GEMMI.

think more than we were wont of its ancient possessors; of those who have dwelt in these rich valleys, and fought for them, too, in ages of the past. We think—every single person must who treads that ground—of Switzerland's old champion, William Tell; then onward or backward our thoughts travel, as the case may be; and so, gradually, the old times come back upon the mind and the old scenes are revived.

As a whole, the history of Switzerland is not so interesting as that of many other lands. For its nation has been seldom mixed up with European politics, and it has not at any time had a prince of its own who was a great conqueror or man of renown, and who in making his own name famous, has given celebrity to the people over which he ruled. France, Italy, Spain, Holland, and the British Isles too, have each at various periods formed the scene of such desperate struggles and such mighty events, that the eyes of all Europe have been upon them. It has not been so with Switzerland. She has fought her own battles, and attended to her own affairs very

well indeed: but she has left other people alone, and has so kept on the even tenor of her way that, with the exception of some few epochs, her story is not enticing to foreigners.

Those few epochs, however, are replete with interest; and it is therefore with them chiefly that we propose to occupy ourselves.

Who were the first inhabitants of Switzerland? The question is asked of most countries, but can seldom be answered save in a very restricted sense. For how can we possibly tell who were the aborigines of any land? Can we anywhere trace the inhabitants back to the period of the children of Noah? And, as we know of irruptions of barbarians in many countries, and the consequent extermination of previous inhabitants, may not some similar displacement of former tribes have occurred in earlier ages still?

Those whom we are accustomed to call the aborigines of Switzerland were the Helvetians, after whom the country was named in Roman times. Dr. Lardner says that they were "a race of Gallic Celts, whom some unknown accident

had guided from the borders of the Rhine and Maine to those of the Lake of Geneva."

A wandering tribe, and not content with the land of which they had possessed themselves, they are known to have joined the Cimbri and Teutones in attacking the Romans so early as 111 B.C. It is known also that they gave the Romans a great defeat near the Lake of Geneva; that they there killed the consul and his son, and made all the survivors pass under the yoke before they allowed them to retreat. Fifty years later they submitted to the great Republic, and were suffered to become allies of the Roman people. Finally, however, Helvetia came to be entirely subject to Rome, and was united to the neighbouring province of Gaul.

But to retrace our steps.

Before these Helvetians came there, who possessed this goodly land? Was it entirely uninhabited; or is there any reason to believe it to have been peopled by other tribes?

Hannibal crossed the Alps, probably by the pass of Little St. Bernard, more than two hundred years before the Christian era; and he met with

mountain tribes who were doubtless a branch of that Celtic race which is commonly supposed to have come originally from Asia; but the question is: In times long previous to Hannibal, were they there; and if not, who dwelt among these mountains?

These are enquiries which, in the beginning of this century, would have been regarded as vain and useless. No one could answer them; and no one cared to try.

It is quite otherwise now, for recent discoveries have given an extraordinary interest to the subject, and led to all kinds of theories; which, for aught we can tell, may one day, by some further discoveries, be set at rest and settled. As it is, the matter is open for the present; and it is one of great interest, at least to antiquarians.

CHAPTER I.

LAKE CITIES.

HOW FIRST DISCOVERED.—RELICS FOUND.—CONJECTURES CONCERNING THE CITIES.

It was in the year 1829, A.D.,* that some workmen who were digging near the shore at Ober Meilen, on the Lake of Zurich, for the purpose of deepening the harbour, came upon some old piles which they found driven into the bottom of the lake, and of which even the tops were so far below the surface of the water, that their existence had not been suspected.

They found also some other antiquities, which, had any archæologist been at hand, would doubtless have been carefully examined. But no

* The following particulars are derived from Dr. Keller's work on the Lake Cities of Switzerland.

scientific person heard of the circumstance, and the incurious discoverers simply carried away the smaller remains, and threw them into the deep part of the lake. Afterwards, however, when it was too late, they told what they had found; and great indeed must have been the vexation felt at the loss which the scientific world had sustained.

Years passed away, and the futile discovery seemed likely to be altogether forgotten; for it was not until 1853 that anything further occurred which could throw light on the long-buried history of what we may now call "Old Switzerland."

A natural cause then began the disinterment.

There was a very long drought, succeeded by a very long frost, which together caused the rivers and lakes to shrink away from their usual boundaries, and to fall a whole foot below the lowest low-water mark, thus leaving little islands exposed which had never been seen before.

Millers and boatmen suffered loss and grumbled; but some other workmen gained thereby; for they

were thus enabled to recover from the lake and to enclose a considerable piece of land; and in so doing these people also came upon the tops of piles, together with a number of stags' heads, and many other articles of which they had never seen the like. Wiser men these seem to have been than their brethren of 1829, whom they had not improbably blamed, or heard blamed, for their doltishness, for they soon spread the news of their discovery, and brought archæologists to their aid, who promptly took advantage of the lowness of the lake to direct the digging operations, and to bring up such remains as constantly stimulated the searchers, and made the labour one of the deepest interest.

It was found that the piles, which were in rows, began at several fathoms from the shore, and continued until the lake suddenly becomes deep; that they were of oak, beech, birch, or fir, from four to six inches thick, mostly composed of stems split into three or four parts, a good deal charred at both ends, and evidently sharpened either by fire or by an ancient stone celt, of which in-

strument many specimens were found. Other things were brought up which had been buried—who can tell how many hundreds or thousands of years?—in the bottom of the lake!

Yes, indeed; that old basin had many a tale to tell, many a secret to reveal, which for ages on ages may have been safely hidden beneath its deep waters! And now that this hint was gained, there were many eager for further revelations; and so the search went steadily on, and up to day-light were brought from time to time all sorts of rude and simple articles, that told of handicrafts which had been followed in "Zurich of the waters" in those primitive times when perhaps the now ancient Zurich of the land was not even dreamt of!

Eagerly, no doubt, the men of science watched; and eagerly the workmen dug, and dragged the lake; and the surprise and excitement must have been very great, as one antique article after another was brought up from its watery grave.

Up came things made of stone, of bone, of horn, of wood, and of earthenware—things which it was

easy to see no hands had handled for many a long day; yet things which no one thought of attributing to the construction of chance.

Here were vessels out of which certainly men had drunk; others in which—who could doubt it?—men had cooked their food; here were instruments for building and for manufacturing other things; weapons of slaughter, weapons of war, old celts and chisels, made, too, sometimes of stone not found in Europe, and fixed into handles of stag-horn or bone; awls, pincers, flint-knives, corn-crushers, mill-stones, hearth-plates, partly covered with soot, needles for knitting, pins for the hair, and for fastening clothes, and other instruments made both of boars' teeth and bears' teeth.

Who used all these things? Who made them? Men and women unquestionably; and men and women who could not have differed much in nature from ourselves, seeing that they had clearly the same wants and much the same methods of supplying them.

Their bones too were there, at least a few of them, together with the bones of many animals,

once hunted, or kept for domestic uses by the men; bones of stags, roes, goats, wild boars, foxes, cows, sheep, and dogs.

Then how, and in what houses did these people live?

A few beams lying horizontally upon the piles seemed to explain this; and similar examinations of other lake cities have made it evident that the explanation is correct. The dwellings of these people were actually erected *in* the water, and on the top of the piles which have just been described.

The foundations were thus laid very deep, and the superstructures must have appeared to rest on the very bosom of the lake.

How strange a sight to our eyes would these cities present; not so, however, as we now find, did the old Europeans esteem it; for many another Swiss lake, many another Norwegian, many another Irish or Scotch one, it is proved, must have presented a similar aspect to the eyes that then looked on them. Exactly when, we cannot tell, any more than we can distinctly assign the reason

why so much trouble should have been taken, and the face of the water so often preferred to the dry, solid earth.

It was an old-world idea, a notion of prehistoric times, or, to say the least, an idea of those of whom history did not write, and who apparently were no scribes to tell their own tale, so that it should be handed down to succeeding ages. Up to this time, at least, no token of a written language has been discovered; but, so far as we can judge, this idea of dwelling on the water was an idea that they clung to, for the relic-bed even of Zurich produces two kinds of articles, especially of articles of pottery, some being of a much ruder and more primitive description than others; and there are further symptoms of a first settlement being burnt and deserted, and then afterwards rebuilt by a tribe somewhat more advanced in arts and manufactures than its former inhabitants.

The world in those days was probably no very safe place for unprotected tribes; so it may have been easier for them to defend themselves, and to sleep in peace right away in the water, and

out of reach of the land, for the possession of which men so often have quarrelled. Wild beasts no doubt roamed through the forests and walked the earth. On the lake they could have with them just those kinds of animals that they chose, and be out of reach of the rest.

Some writers have thought it possible to divide these dwellings into three periods, and to suppose three separate races of men as their inhabitants; and they call them the stone, bronze, and metal periods; but it seems just as likely that these people made discoveries as we do now, that some of the lake cities were destroyed while yet their inhabitants were in a very primitive state indeed; that others, lasting longer, were enriched by later inventions, and indeed some do contain implements which appear to have belonged to Roman and even to Alemannic periods.

In the lake of Moosedorf, near Berne, there was a settlement of which many interesting remains have been found, but nothing made of either bronze or other metals.

This is a moor lake with boggy banks, thick

water, and muddy bottom. Under this mud there is a coating of peat, and under that the original basin of shell marl, which is considered to be a long time collecting. Here was the relic-bed, and here were found the remains of dwellings, the upper part of which showed signs of having been destroyed by fire. There were also the remains of a bridge from the dwellings to the shore, and bones of animals cut as if by a butcher. A flint saw was found here, and an arrow-head, a comb, a fish-hook, &c.; while every little hillock round the lake showed signs, when excavated, of having been a place where flint was used to be worked into implements of various kinds.

In continuing the examinations, the same sorts of relics have been met with in peat moors as in the lakes, and in these cases it is naturally easier to make out the construction of the buildings. Indeed in some cases the very hearths have been found, and the floors walked over which were abandoned so long ago. At Robenhausen the remains are most remarkable.

Here the lake dwellings had gardens and pas-

tures on the shore, where now Kemplen stands. Here, too, were found many granite slabs, apples, large stores of flax, some of it in skeins, some spun, and some woven; and also a kind of checked muslin and embroidered cloth.

Here and there was a second settlement over the first, containing stalls for animals; and besides the pile buildings, there were others of which the foundations were composed of layers of brush-wood.

In some settlements, cereals, like those of Egypt, have been found, but no rye in any case. There were remains of game in some places; and among the later relics, even leather, bronze sickles, buttons, and a jet bracelet.

Clearly, therefore, a few of these settlements must have continued until a comparatively late date. But there are no inscriptions found as yet even in them; and nothing to indicate the language or religion of this ancient people; while of the earliest period there is not a single safe datum on which to build a theory.

Figures of the crescent moon seem to have

been common among them, and of that all which can be said is, that the Gauls considered it to have medicinal powers, and named it the "all-healing."

No burying-places have been found in those settlements which contain only stone articles, which seems very singular and unaccountable.

On the whole, therefore, we are forced to be content with conjectures regarding this primitive race.

Apparently they were a pastoral people, and as their animals were all Asiatic, it is likely that they came from the east. It may be that they belonged, like the Helvetians, to the great Celtic branch of the human family; if so, they must have been for the most part a very ancient tribe of it.

Now, as these Celts came originally from Asia, and overspread a good part of Europe, settling in many of the different countries under various names, it was natural to suppose that if they had lake dwellings in one part, they would in another. Since the first discoveries at Ober-

Meilen, many investigations have therefore been made in Italy, Savoy, Ireland, Scotland, &c., and with the same results.

Still this fact does not seem conclusive, because these Celts are not generally considered to have been the first inhabitants of Europe; and the race which preceded them may have been as closely allied, and as widely diffused as they were. Indeed, the nearer we get to the primeval stock, the more likely is it that any custom established in a tribe would go where the tribe went.

Possibly these primitive people were the immediate descendants of Japheth; or, what if many of them lived before the flood! There seems no reason to be given against this supposition. Perhaps, indeed, we find one reason for it, in the recorded fact that the earth was then "filled with violence." And that the things upon it should have been, on the subsidence of the waters, drawn down into the bottoms of lakes, or buried under a new coating of deposit, is only what might have been imagined.

The marks of the action of fire on many of them

must not, however, be lost sight of; and though it cannot be explained, it seems to point to a state of peril, of warring tribes, and of the uncertain tenure on which the dwellings were held.

Ours is an age of discovery. We are discovering the real nature of mysteries of all sorts and kinds; of the laws of our own being, and of that of the earth and all its products; of the history of all sorts of races, and of the conditions of those races in by-gone, as well as more recent times, and the how and the why of many a thing is sought beneath the earth's surface as well as above it.

So by-and-by, perhaps, some new effort of digging, or of dragging, may bring up a key to what is still an enigma—the reason for the existence of these lake dwellings, and the answer to the question: Who were their inhabitants?

CHAPTER II.

CHIEF FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

ORIGIN OF THE ALPS.—A GOOD LAND.—GLACIERS.—CREVASSES.—EROSIVE THEORY.—AVALANCHES.—RED SNOW.

"A SCENE of unspeakable desolation it must have been," says Professor Tindall, "when not Switzerland alone, but all Europe, was encased in frozen armour—when a glacier from Ben Nevis dammed the mouth of Glenroy, and Llanberis and Borrowdale were ploughed by frozen shares sent down by Snowdon and Scawfell; when from the peaks of Magillicuddy came the navigators, which dug out space for the Killarney Lakes, and carved through the mountains the Gap of Dunloe."

Such a state of things, perhaps, existed before the six days work began—"in the beginning,

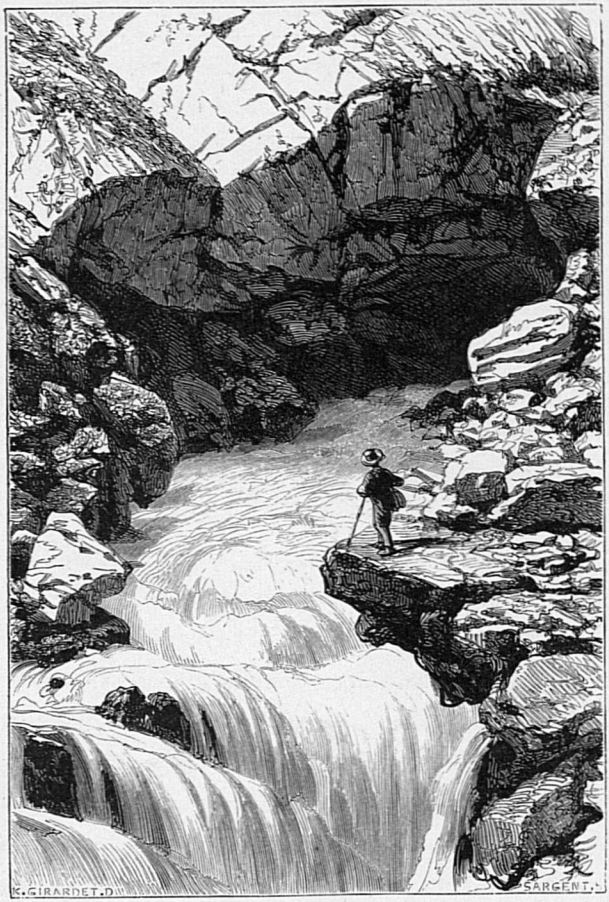
when this world now so fair was but a huge lump of earth and water, rolling a shapeless and possibly a frozen mass through the expanse of space!"

But at the fiat of the Almighty, and on the outpouring of the sun's rays, there came over all both light and heat. Then the mass, if frozen as Tindall supposes, would begin to dissolve—to give way in large masses, and the "navigators" would fall, which may have scooped out many a basin for a future lake. Then, too, it may be, those subterranean fires assisted in the general breaking up of ice, and thrust up many a mountain peak or range from some previously uniform, monotonous plain. "The waters, which had stood above the mountains," thus perhaps melted, "fled at God's rebuke, and at the voice of His thunder they hasted away."

Then the springs bubbled forth; the melting ice poured down the mountain sides, at first slowly, but soon in many grand rushing torrents. "They went up by the mountains and down by the valleys unto the place which God had founded for them; and he set them a bound that they should not pass."

So, perhaps, the Rhine began its course, the Lake of Constance filled, and through it, along to where Basle now stands, the noble river made its path, watering all the northern plateaux of Switzerland, and joined in its course by many a mountain stream. So, on the south-west, and right through the Lake of Geneva, the rapid Rhone took its gladsome way; and many another large or smaller stream began to flow, and each to do its work of watering, in its appointed space, the lovely land for which in later times many a poor banished Swiss has pined in vain.

Or perhaps that stupendous backbone, and the southern mountain-wall, which for so many ages kept out the breath of tyranny, and formed such strong barriers against the masterhood of Austria, Italy, and France, were, with all their attendant grandeurs of forest, lake, and stream, just the result of successive changes wrought solely by under-ground convulsions. In the presence of attendant angels, perhaps, or perhaps without any witnesses, the mighty Builder worked. We know not.



SOURCE OF THE RHINE.

In the beginning it was all created; but cold and heat have alternated—seasons have varied, and floods have come and gone for ages on ages; and thus the great machinery has gone on renewing, overthrowing, and renewing again, until Switzerland is what we of to-day know it to be, pre-eminently, a country of mountains and valleys, of rivers and streams, and of lakes.

In proportion to its size it is indeed wonderfully rich in all the forms of aquatic landscape beauties that an inland country can boast; but unquestionably one of the most sublime features is found in the glaciers of the Alps—those wonderful streams of ice, which, commencing near the mountain-tops, descend into the valleys, and are known to all who live near the high mountain chains.

These frozen streams are, in fact, one of the most remarkable phenomena of nature; and can only be appreciated by those who have seen them.

The name glacier is, of course, French; the German word is *gletscher*, and the Italian *ghiacciaia*; and, be it remembered, all those languages are spoken in this one small country.

I have said that a glacier is a stream of ice; nevertheless it is not formed of frozen water, but of frozen snow.

Now the snow of the mountain-top is not composed of large half-melted flakes such as we so often see, but is a fine dry powder, which is formed into a granular mass by the action of the sun shining on it in the middle of the day; for what is thus partially melted quickly freezes again each evening in globular forms. Consequently a glacier is not slippery like ordinary ice.

This process goes on year after year, and has gone on for ages on ages, so that many of these streams are of enormous size. The top parts being less melted, present far the most granular surface; and the lower, getting more thoroughly dissolved at times, is the most consolidated ice.

The Swiss peasants, indeed, call the upper part the Névé, or Firn; and it is the lower part alone which they call by the name of glacier.

One writer tells us that the consolidating process always begins at a particular elevation—that is at 7800 ft. above the sea. Above that point he

would say, glaciers do not extend—it is *névé* higher up. Yet, as snow always melts at a greater elevation on the south side of a mountain than on its north side, and as even on the summit of Mont Blanc the surface snow melts to some extent under a hot sun, this cannot, strictly speaking, be a correct assertion, though it may be a good average estimate.

Neither must the common expression, "the line of perpetual snow," be suffered to mislead. It is only correctly used to indicate the altitude above which the mountains always *appear* white, because at that height it is merely the surface which at times thus gets partially melted.

Some persons have tried to estimate the quantity of ground covered by these glaciers, and have set it down at a thousand square miles. Like other streams, the large ones have their branches, which are in some cases very numerous. There are said to be six hundred glaciers among the Alps of Switzerland, and in certain places the extremities reach down to those regions where in summer corn will grow.

One of the principal glaciers, that around the Finster-Aar-Horn, has thirteen branches, and is supposed to cover one hundred and twenty-five square miles; another, on the north side of Mont Blanc, has from its great size acquired the name of the Mer-de-Glace; while there is another of great size near Monte Rosa.

The thickness of the ice of these extraordinary streams has been measured by several scientific travellers, who have searched for holes in them, and in these have let down their plummet lines. But as the ice fills up all the deep as well as the shallow places in its course down the mountain, it is not surprising that these writers should differ considerably in this matter. De Saussure, the famous Swiss naturalist of a hundred years ago, calculated the thickness at 600 ft.; Agassiz, a more recent explorer, has found some holes of 780 ft. deep; while Forbes estimated the depth of the Mer-de-Glace at only 350 ft. Others, again, have met with none deeper than 150 ft., and thought the average thickness to be between 60 and 100 ft.

But why are these masses of ice called streams?

Because, though imperceptibly, they really move along. Yes, notwithstanding the material of which they are composed, they move—they slip down towards the valleys; indeed they are continually thus descending.

It may easily be understood that where corn will grow, ice will melt; so it is that as the lower part is considerably melted in summer, and whenever the sun is hot, so the upper part is constantly pushing down to fill up the loss. Besides, the earth itself being always warmer than the ice, produces some slight effect on the under part. So that but for the continual renewal from above, the whole mass would in time disappear.

For many months, however, so much snow falls that there is little likelihood of this. Consequently the glacier remains a *moving stream of ice.* In the words of the poet Byron—

> "The glacier's cold and restless mass
> Moves onward day by day."

Indeed, setting aside all other causes, it is easy to understand how anything at all movable, resting on an inclined plane, must descend; especially

if that something consist not of one simple and unchangeable material, but of something compound—as is here the fact; viz., ice and water—which sometimes condensed by frost, sometimes expanded by heat, cannot but force itself down, and push now and again at which is below, and so pushing, begin itself a gradual and imperceptible movement which must go on.

Professor Forbes, who has made careful investigation of the subject, ascertained the rate of motion to be two feet in twenty-four hours; but it is curious that the whole stream does not move at the same rate. The centre moves quicker than the sides, and drags them after it. This was proved by placing lines of stakes across the Mer-de-Glace some twenty years since; and the same sort of experiment has been many times repeated by Tindall and others. The Mer-de-Glace advances between 400 and 500 feet yearly. It must indeed be a most powerful though unperceived pressure which is constantly forcing these mighty and apparently unyielding masses ever onward and downward, since in some cases one of great width,

together with some of its tributaries, has been compressed into the narrow gorge of a valley, or compelled to turn a sharp corner and completely to alter its course. The observation of such facts as these has led to many experiments on the compressibility of ice. It had formerly been an accepted general opinion that ice was as brittle and unyielding as rock; but this idea is now found to be erroneous—at least, there is this great difference between the two substances, that ice when broken, has a tendency to freeze together again. So Tindall thinks that these changes and twistings of the glaciers are effected by *fracture and regelation.*

The constant heavy pressure on the glacial ice frequently, however, causes splits of large masses to occur, and forces it so far to separate that there is no chance of this regelation. These splits are the crevasses so frequently met with on many glaciers, and one of their most dangerous features especially when they are concealed by a treacherous coating of snow.

In the upper part of the glaciers these crevasses

never extend entirely across the ice-field, but are gaps in the middle, narrowing off at the ends. When too wide for the traveller to leap, he has therefore to turn each one, a wearisome business, when, as sometimes happens, these rents are very numerous.

Almost all glaciers have what are called *moraines* either at the sides or down the centre. These are beds of stones, dirt and rubbish which collect on the edges from the very top of the glacier, and come down riding as it were on the ice. If two glaciers meet and join then the moraine on the inner side of each naturally meets and joins too, forming for the remainder of the course a bed down the centre of it. Otherwise the moraines are on the sides.

These moraines, of course, greatly spoil the picturesque appearance of the icy stream, and cause much disappointment to travellers at the first sight of a glacier.

Sometimes large pieces of rock fall on to the glacier, and by their shadow prevent the ice under them and on the shadow side from being melted.

The consequence is, that while the surrounding surface is melted and lowered by the heat of the sun, the piece underneath is not melted; so the rock remains on a sort of pedestal. But where a little stone, leaf, or any small object gets upon the ice, it becomes heated much more quickly than the ice; and consequently it melts that bit on which it rests, and falls in, making a hole of some depth and even producing a little pool of water. These pools, so accidentally formed, are often hailed by the thirsty traveller with great delight.

A few pages back it was suggested as within the range of possibility, that great changes may at various times have taken place in the configuration of the country. One indication of this may, perhaps, be found in the signs of glaciers having existed in places from which they have now quite disappeared.

The seats of these ancient ice-streams are marked by furrows, and a polished appearance of the ground, caused by the constant passage over it of vast fields of ice; while in one case it is shewn by

the old moraine remaining when the glacier itself had melted away.

Those now in existence vary according to the seasons, pushing down into the valleys, and widening also when there have been several cold years and when much snow has fallen, and then diminishing again when the contrary is the case; but on the whole they remain, so far as we can tell, of much the same size and thickness as they have been for centuries past.

What they may have been in the age of ice which some have imagined is quite another matter.

Tindall thinks that the glaciers of the present day are "mere pigmies as compared to the giants of the glacial epoch." And he believes that their action has had much to do with the "architecture of the Alps."

That they have power to grind away the rocks over which they pass he is certain; and in proof of his theory he says that where the rocks are soft any water near is sure to be loaded with a finely pulverized substance. The Rhine and Rhone are charged with this; and a great deal of cul-

tivable land near the Lake of Geneva is formed of it.

Thus he believes that the ice "exerts a crushing force on every point of its bed which bears its weight;" and so, he says, it is a simple fact that glaciers "will scoop out valleys," and, where any rocks are weak, frequently tear them away altogether.

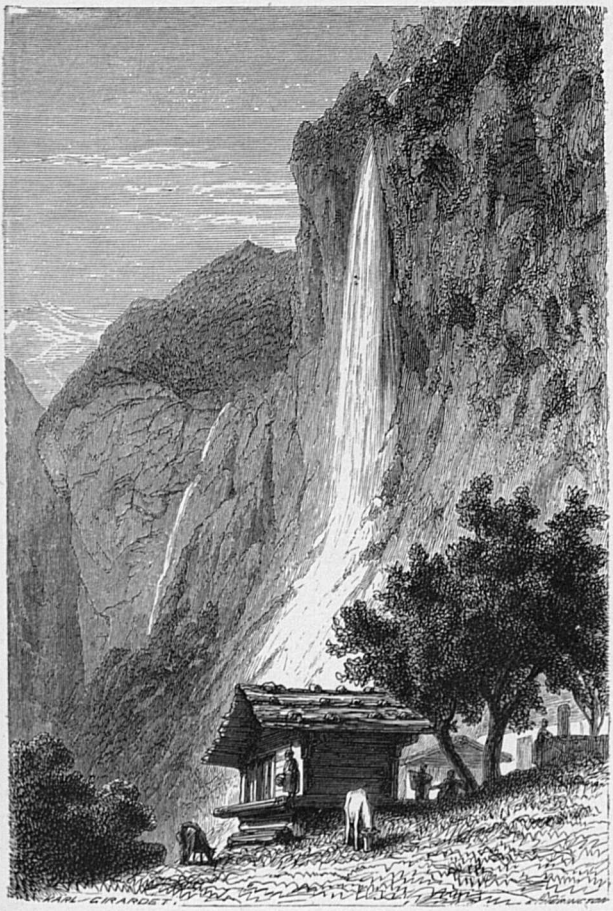
He believes that some of the ancient ones were probably 3000 feet deep, and that such an enormous mass continually passing over the ground would naturally scoop out and carve the mountains into the shapes which we now see.

In proof of this theory he adduces the case of a hillock bearing pine-trees in front of a glacier which he examined and found that it was really being removed by the pressure, that several of the trees were overturned, and that in a few years if this glacier should continue to advance, as it is said to do, the hill would be entirely removed.

"The plains of Italy and Switzerland," says Tindall "are covered with the débris of the Alps."

Whatever may be thought of this erosive theory, there is no doubt that these dreary wastes of ice are of very great use in the economy of nature. For, as another writer has remarked, "they are the locked-up reservoirs, the sealed fountains, from which the vast rivers traversing the great continents of our globe are sustained. The summer heat which dries up other sources of water first opens out their bountiful supplies. When the rivers of the plain begin to shrink and dwindle within their parched beds, the torrents of the Alps, fed by melting snow and glaciers, rush down from the mountains and supply the deficiency; and at that season (July and August) the rivers and lakes of Switzerland are fullest."

And so the traveller in summer time may listen to the streams and torrents pouring down their sub-glacial beds; and when he reaches the foot of the glacier he may probably behold an immense domed arch composed of ice, which is worn away by the action of these little streams, just there all gathered into one. There are many of these ice-caverns among the glaciers of the Alps, which



THE STAUBBACH.

continue until the thaw has reached a certain point, and then give way with a crash.

"The thunderbolt of snow," as Byron calls the avalanche, is one of the great dangers, not of all Alpine travelling, but of certain localities of the Alps. Enormous masses of snow accumulate in some angle or on some ledge of the mountains, until they either fall by their own weight, or are loosened by the heat of the sun. And then they descend with the sound as of a prodigious roar, which may be heard at an immense distance, and sometimes with a force which causes them even to rebound up the side of the opposite mountains. There are some places where the snow continually gathers, and where the avalanche may be expected at a fixed time; yet some unusual circumstance may turn it out of its regular channel, and then some dwelling or even village may be engulfed, or some unfortunate traveller surprised, and either crushed or suffocated by it.

Avalanches, however, are not all alike, or equally dangerous. There are *staub-lawinen*, or avalanches composed of fine freshly-fallen snow, which come

tumbling from point to point with enormous rapidity, and which will throw down a whole forest as it descends, and another as it rebounds up the opposite side; and there are *schleich-lawinen*, or slide-avalanches, and *grund-lawinen*, which bound and roll over on the ground. The Swiss make a great distinction between the three, and esteem the latter as the most dangerous, because they occur in spring, when the snow is clammy and heavy; so that any person or animal enveloped in them is suffocated, and has to be dug out with great labour; while people can sometimes free themselves from the staub-lawinen, or breathe for some hours under the dust-like snow.

In those places peculiarly exposed and liable to these awful snow-bolts, the inhabitants endeavour to defend themselves and their property by preserving the forests on the mountain sides, or by building immense stone-dykes in such a manner as to turn the course of the avalanche another way. But all precautions are often unavailing, and the most frightful calamities sometimes occur.

A whole village is sometimes entirely destroyed,

and hundreds of lives of both men and beasts are lost; and a blast of air accompanies the fall which produces almost the same effects as one of gunpowder. But it is generally in the spring, or after October that these horrors occur; so that the danger is not so much for travellers as for the inhabitants, whom business may compel to travel in perilous seasons. They therefore use many precautions, and especially avoid the least noise, having an idea that any sound, because it causes a reverberation in the air, may also cause the terrible mass above them to fall.

Of course tourists do see, and do hear the roar of avalanches; but, except after a snow-storm, those that fall in summer are mere trifles compared to the terrible things which I have described, though of course quite dangerous enough.

These snow-storms are terrible occurrences in themselves—"*tourmentes*" in Swiss language; but experienced guides and mountaineers can generally foresee them. They come on in an instant, and like a whirlwind, confuse and then obliterate every object from sight. Instead of the wide waste of

snow beneath the feet and over the ground as far as the eye can reach, the snow is in the air; it is whirling around everywhere, everywhere, and filling the unfortunate wayfarer with despair.

Snow on the High Alps when the wind is still, is not, however, always of the pure white of which we are accustomed to think. For one of the wonders of those wondrous regions is the red snow now proved to exist both there and in other mountainous regions. There can be no doubt of the fact, though naturalists even now may differ as to the cause.

Clearly it is not that the snow comes down from heaven of that tint. It is dyed on the ground by some means, and some say it is by a very minute insect and its eggs; but others believe that a kind of fungus called *Palmella Nivalis*, or *Prolococcus*, plants itself on the snow and there germinates, giving at the time of its germination this delicate tint to the snow in which it grows. It is said that with the aid of a microscope this tiny plant may be seen. But rock, snow, and ice may be on the top, while those below are enjoying their spring-

time or their summer. Indeed, even on the mere confines of vegetation, there is a short but gorgeous burst of summer every year.

For three or four weeks even on these heights there is a blaze of red rhododendron, and a burst of gentians, violets, anemones and blue-bells. Butterflies, and other flies also in thousands, make the most of their little day; and insects of all kinds revel with great delight among the summer flowers.

Lower down we have the grass, the corn, and the slopes covered with vines, and the pasture land with its numerous flocks and herds. For it is the charm of the country that in about a day you may pass from the height of summer to the depth of winter, and in another, back again.

CHAPTER III.

ANCESTRY OF THE PRESENT SWISS.

ROMAN RULE.— INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.—IRRUPTIONS OF THE BARBARIANS: THEIR GRADUAL CIVILIZATION.

VERY useful did Rome find it to have such a country as this between her and those northern tribes which in the fourth century were, by their continual irruptions, doing their utmost to break up the vast empire which she had acquired. It was something to keep them out of Italy itself; and those great Alpine chains were formidable barriers, well fitted, at the very least, to be serious obstacles in their progress.

The old Helvetians were, moreover, become Rome's loyal subjects: for, as a part of the great province of Gaul, they had been so long under

Roman rule, and had for so long been mixed up with all that was Roman in respect of civilisation and the arts, that their own old barbaric customs and even language had well nigh disappeared.

The yoke had been hard enough at first, no doubt; but under such emperors as Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, its advantages could not but be felt. And when they saw the great works wrought in their country, and the improvements in their land, their agriculture and their trade, the people must soon have felt that in partly losing their freedom, they had gained much that more than compensated for its loss.

Very soon had they found their own little Alpine cattle highly prized, and their Alpine cheeses becoming an important article of trade; very soon too had the vines of Rhætia been taken in hand; and then the vineyards of that province speedily began to rival those of the Falernian hills. Military roads were constructed even over some of the highest hills, and fine Roman colonies established all over the country; and thus, by insensible degrees, had they become incorporated

with Rome, and so mixed up with Romans that their own individual nationality had in fact died out.

Happily also a still greater change had during the same period come over the people; for through some of these Roman conquerors there had come a knowledge of the true God and of His Son Christ Jesus. The old Helvetians had been worshippers of the sun and moon, under the names of Belin and his sister Isis; of the sylphs, their guardian angels, and of the *dii manes*, or shadowy powers; but even in the first century we read of the gospel being carried to the mountaineers, by a man named Beatus; and we may well conclude that he was not alone in his missionary labours.

Then, in the third century, we read of another Christian man, named Lucius, working in Rhætia; and in the fourth, of the propagation of the gospel by some soldiers in the Theban legion.

These are slight hints of the way in which Christianity spread in times when more was done than succeeding generations knew; in times when scholars were few and far between, and when of

many an earnest worker even the very name has perished. But that a church, or rather that churches, existed in the fourth century is proved by the fact that signatures have come down to us of certain bishops or elders of Geneva, Coire, Aventicum, and the Valais; and one century later, it is known that other places besides these had been in a measure christianised.

Thus was Helvetia romanised, civilised, and in a great measure christianised. But, after all, neither the ancient Helvetians nor the Romans were the sole ancestors of the present Swiss.

It was, as I have said, just about the period of which I have last spoken (the fourth century), that vast changes took place among the populations of most of the central countries of Europe; for then enormous swarms of barbarians coming from the east and north swept over the Roman world, and gradually shook that great empire until it fell. Helvetia, with her mountain chains, her snows, and her forests, stood some of the first shocks, and coming between, staved off the evil day from Rome herself. But it was a terrible torrent to which she was

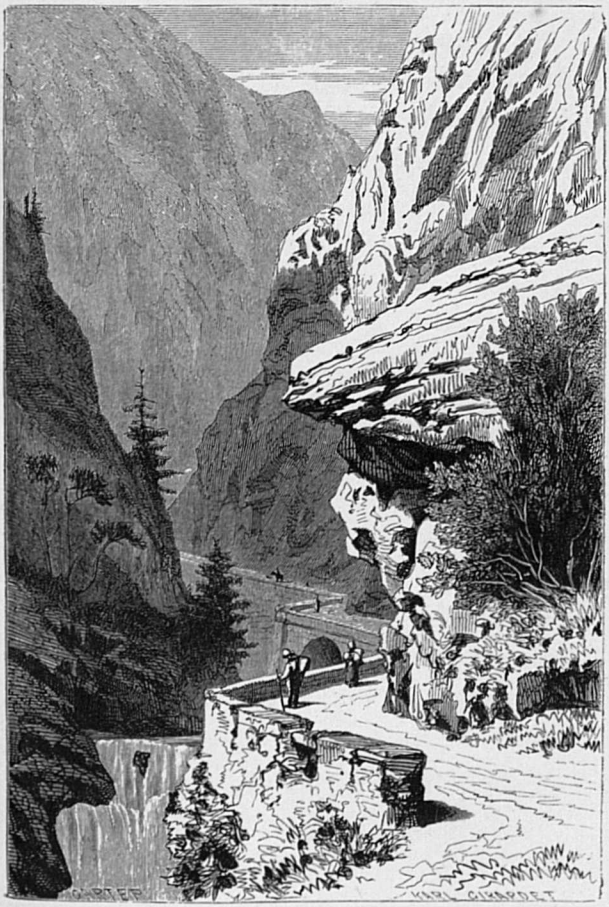
exposed—a torrent which eventually changed the face of the whole land, and obliged it, so to speak, to begin all over again.

The old prosperity was swept away; the old civilization disappeared, and with new races of inhabitants the country had to work upwards once more from ruin to wealth, and from barbarism to learning, quietness, and peace.

The process was, however, not the same all over the land; and the first change was perhaps the mildest.

It was the Roman policy to set one wild tribe against another, as the best way of keeping them all out of Italy; and at one time, when the fierce and nomad tribe known as the Alemanni were particularly troublesome, the Roman generals actually encouraged another tribe to advance; namely, the Burgundians, who had come from the very shores of the Baltic.

When the Alemanni were disposed of, then the Burgundians were in their turn attacked and defeated. But they had already seen and learnt a good deal of the rich provinces of Western Gaul; and



DEFILE OF DAZIO-GRANDE, PASS OF ST. GOTHARD.

it was not long before they returned, led by a chief named Gunthahar, crossed the Rhine, and settled in what is now known as Alsace and Lorraine.

The Roman generals then finding that they could not drive them out quietly, left them in possession, under the condition of their defending the frontier against any other comers. They were a pastoral people, these Burgundians; and they had brought with them large flocks and herds; so that they were quite disposed to settle down as soon as they had found a district to their liking. They were also, for barbarians, a quiet and peaceable folk, so that in a short time they and the native Gauls were tranquilly occupying this part of the country in common; while from these very Gauls, moreover, did the sociable invaders obtain a knowledge of Christianity. In the year 417 A.D. it is recorded that Gunthahar himself, with a number of his followers, was baptized.

Another, and more warlike tribe, however, that is, the Franks, soon crossed the Rhine, and made themselves troublesome in a part of Belgic Gaul.

Then, once again, the Romans determined to make use of the Burgundians.

In fact the Roman general, Ætius, did not relish having two such tribes in his immediate vicinity; and he therefore drew his army closely round the Burgundian settlement; and having done so, he proposed to them that they should take possession of Western Helvetia—in other words, of all the country between the Jura and the Alps.

The Burgundians, finding that they had really no option, agreed, and marched away to their assigned dominions, with which they were, on further acquaintance, very well satisfied.

Thus was that part of the poor little country given up by its rightful protectors, and very hard its people must have felt their lot to be.

How they bore it we have no means of knowing; but probably many of the most spirited and patriotic of the old race quietly made their escape into other lands, though the main body of them appear to have gradually become effeminate, and therefore easily submitted. Moreover, these Burgundians, who came knocking

at their doors, professed to come as friends, asking only room to live, and of course a good share of the means of living.

So, without war or bloodshed, all that is now French Switzerland changed masters. It may have been an easier change than might have come about had not a large part of both conquered and conquerors called themselves Christians; but no doubt there was a sufficient portion of bitterness in it.

It was some centuries before all trace of the aborigines disappeared; yet in time they did entirely.

But the case was not as in the Roman conquests, where the conquered people were the gainers. The new occupiers must in this case have learnt from the old ones; indeed, it is plain that they did; so much did the former soften in consequence of the intercourse.

For the rest of the country—it remained but a short time in peace after the arrival of the Burgundians in the west. The far fiercer Allemanni soon came down on the northern and eastern

parts; that is, on the plateau which has been elsewhere alluded to. They made themselves masters of a considerable territory by force of arms, and, hating everything that was Roman, they destroyed the cities and fortresses in all directions, whilst they reduced the inhabitants to slavery, and appropriated to themselves all their possessions. In other respects they are said not to have treated them cruelly, which seems to imply that little or no resistance was offered to the invaders—a pretty good proof that these Roman Helvetians were like many another romanised race—a worn-out, over-civilised, effeminate people, far inferior to the brave, sturdy Swiss, of whom we shall by-and-by have to tell.

A terrible time, nevertheless, intervened in what is now German Switzerland, between the fourth and fifth centuries and that fourteenth, when the patriotism of the people began to render them so famous.

Christian churches — nay, Christianity itself, largely shared in the general ruin. The heathen invaders hated the name of Christ; they swept

away everything that told of His worship; they destroyed almost entirely all that was lovely and of good report; but they were not left to rule over the wreck which they had made. For, ere long, the equally war-like Franks came to contest the prize with them; and soon the famous battle was fought near Cologne, after which Clovis, the Frank king, declared himself a Christian.

This was owing to the influence of his wife, Clotilda, herself a Christian. At the commencement of the fight he had taken an oath that, should he win the day, he would yield to her wishes. And Christian soldiers in his ranks, knowing of the vow, not only prayed, but fought with such enthusiasm that they struck terror into the enemy's ranks; and on the fall of their own prince the Allemanni surrounded Clovis and swore allegiance to him.

But nine years elapsed before the body of the tribe followed the example of the army, and all that time the struggle for the mastery went on in that unhappy country, already so sadly devastated. In the year 500 A.D. the now German Switzerland

was pretty well divided between these two races.

Meantime, the Ostrogoths, who then ruled in Italy, took possession of Rhætia, and appointed a duke to rule over it.

After some years the Burgundian and Ostrogothic kingdoms both fell, and then the Franks held the whole of Helvetia and Rhætia, as well as of Gaul. This, which is known as the first Burgundian kingdom, had only lasted 128 years: nevertheless, it left an indelible impress on the population; for, when the Burgundians submitted to the Franks, it was with certain conditions which secured their remaining a separate people; and thus their language and institutions both became rooted in the land. Yet the Frankish yoke was so galling that many of the people, especially in the mountain districts, left the country to serve as mercenaries in foreign armies.

As for the Allemanni, a Frank duke ruled over them, and they remained a fierce, heathen people until the seventh century. The country which they occupied had for the most part become a

wilderness, in which they hunted, or grazed their flocks. But they had some simple laws; and once a fortnight a court was held in each district for the administration of justice.

It was to three Irish monks whom the cruel queen Brunehaut and her grandson Thierri had driven out of Gaul, where they had tried to preach the gospel, that these Allemanni owed their first acquaintance with Christianity.

In those wild and lawless times monasteries were, probably, far more like our modern colleges and missionary establishments combined, than anything else; and these good men were evidently simple-minded missionaries, bent on proclaiming the glad tidings in the darkest parts of Europe. So, driven away from Gaul, they at length found a refuge, and liberty to work in that part of Switzerland which so long bore the name of Allemania; and there they founded what eventually became the famous Abbey of St. Gall, while in several other places they built chapels and convents, which in later times becoming little centres of attraction, gave rise to many a village or town. Indeed, these

good men did wonderful things for the country; for as they gave great attention to the arts of civilised life, especially to the improvement of agriculture and general industry, they were in truth the restorers of prosperity in whole districts which had long lain waste and been almost uninhabited.

In various ways, then, Christianity had, ere the elevation of Charlemagne, become the religion of all Helvetia; and by that time the ill effects of those terrible irruptions of barbarism had well nigh passed away.

By that time too, instead of being a country in which various tribes were struggling for the mastery, the plains and valleys had, in the words of the Psalmist, began to laugh and sing, and to show regularly allotted tracts covered with corn or with vineyards, the forests being kept within moderate limits, the waters held in due bounds by means of dykes, and the first divisions into cantons beginning to appear.

Manors and manor-houses warmed by stoves, and surrounded by orchards and gardens, labourers' huts, and stables for cattle, might also be seen

dotted about the land, with many other signs of a peaceful and prosperous people.

In this respect Helvetia again bore the same appearance of the quiet old Roman times when it had numbered its 12 towns, its 400 villages, and its 350,000 inhabitants.

Politically, it was, as old Mezerai, the French historian of Louis XIV.'s time describes it, a great fief under the Frank—that is, the French—king's rule; its great nobles being vassals of the crown. These nobles were the dukes or rulers of provinces; and the counts or rulers of towns, with their respective subalterns.

But a great deal of land was then falling into the power of the church.

In those days ordinary people felt that they needed some protector; and it often happened that they preferred an Abbot to a Count, and giving up their land to him, received it back as a fief which he was bound to stand by.

It was during the decline of the Merovingian dynasty, and under the reign of Charlemagne that the revival of the arts of peace had taken place.

And, indeed, to that great monarch who subdued the Saxons on the Elbe and Weser, put an end to the Lombard kingdom in Italy, drove back the Arabs in Spain to the Ebro, and extended his power over Bavaria, and as far as the Raab in Hungaria, did little Helvetia owe many improvements. Among other things it was he who reintroduced the cultivation of the vine; while in the sparsely peopled districts he did good service by transporting thither some of the conquered Saxon nation. He also established schools, and notably either built or reformed that of Zurich, where an annual celebration in his honour was in consequence established.

CHAPTER IV.

FOREIGN RULERS.

HELVETIA RISING.—LITTLE KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY.—UNDER GERMAN EMPERORS.—HENRY THE FOWLER.—THE IRRUPTION OF THE MAGYARS.—STRUGGLE BETWEEN POPES AND EMPERORS—ZŒRINGEN PRINCES.—CRUSADES.—BUILDING OF BERNE.—INTERREGNUM.—RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

AND so Helvetia was peopled with the ancestors of the present Swiss. They have united for mutual protection, and formed one common governmental arrangement; but they have never blended into one people, speaking a common language, any more than the English, Irish, and Welsh have done. Burgundians have imprinted their customs and the French language on one part; Allemanni theirs and German on another; and Ostrogoths theirs and Italian on a third. And though Frank

rule prevailed and probably modified all, the impress of these remains to this day.

In the last chapter we left the country subject to the great inheritor of the kingdom of the Franks, Charlemagne, the great emperor of the west; and now five centuries have to run their course before Helvetia changes into Switzerland, and comes to the front, so to speak, as a country worthy of being reckoned among the great nations of Europe. It was groaning under no oppression in the year 800 A.D., but was, on the contrary, being raised from the dust by the energy and strength of a mighty hand. In after years, however, that yoke was to come on her, to free herself from which she at length made those grand efforts which gave her the prestige which she has never lost.

But during the intervening period many and many a struggle went on over this wonderful little country.

The second, or little kingdom of Burgundy, rose soon after the death of Charlemagne.

Disgusted at the imbecility of his successors, the representatives of the States of Burgundy met at

Vienna, and elected Boson king of Arles and Burgundy; and so during the few years of this dynasty the counts and lords of Helvetia looked to these kings as their lieges.

After the fall of that kingdom, the German emperors considered it as part of their dominions, both before and after that empire became elective.

To Henry I., surnamed the Fowler, indeed, Helvetia was deeply indebted. His reign was marked by an awful catastrophe that came on all the central part of Europe, namely, an irruption of the terrible and ferocious Magyars, who swarmed westward from Hungary, spreading horror and desolation wherever they went.

Helvetia lay exactly in their course, and unfortified against such an invasion; and consequently it suffered fearfully.

This emperor compassionated its helpless condition, and took great pains to fortify the cities and towns, strengthening such as existed at Zurich and a few other places, and constructing others wherever any country districts could be enclosed. The peasantry, however, were so attached

to their free mountain lives that often, in spite of all dangers, they could hardly be persuaded to come into the towns. So, in order to induce them to do so, Henry conferred very many privileges on the towns and cities: so that he, in fact, laid the foundation of the present burgher class.

The eleventh century witnessed a struggle of another kind, which was in part also fought over this same ground. That struggle was with the rapidly rising power of the Church of Rome—it was the famous controversy between emperors and popes.

At that period no power save that of the emperor could in the slightest degree check or interfere with the will of the sovereign pontiff. But for this one exception, that was supreme over all the kings of the earth. To the validity of the election of a pope, the emperor's sanction, however, was necessary; and the emperors who ruled about that time, Henry III. and Henry IV. were neither of them men disposed to bate one tittle of their ancestral rights.

During the reign of the former, three claimants,

each with his own partizans, assumed the papal dignity.

Henry III. deposed them all, and made men understand that there must be a proper election, and that he must be consulted in it.

Then came Henry IV., a man of great power and spirit, and a long contest began between him and his celebrated contemporary, Gregory VII., surnamed Hildebrand.

Born to the blacksmith's forge, and having, by the force of his own character, raised himself to the elevated position which he occupied, this Hildebrand applied himself with fixed purpose and tremendous determination to the one object which he had set before him, that object being to reduce every obstacle to subjection to the power of the Roman Church, and to cause that Church to be acknowledged as far above every temporal power whatever; in fact, to be identical with that of the Almighty Himself.

The same Church had, notwithstanding, become utterly corrupt, and he knew it. It was a fact that could not be denied. To purify this church

which he purposed to raise, must therefore be his first aim; and accordingly he constructed a scheme for accomplishing it.

That his scheme would create many enemies, he was well aware. It would break many a heart; and he knew that, too. But these things were mere trifles compared with the grand object to be attained; and they did not for a moment turn him from his purpose. His famous decree against simony, investiture, and the marriage of the clergy was published; and it was the signal for schism and for war.

It touched some of the emperor's rights; and he would not stand it. It touched the married clergy so closely that they readily sided with the emperor; and so, while the pope anathematised the emperor and his partisans, the emperor laid the pope and all his docile servants under his ban.

Thus a regular warfare began; and it raged hotly in Helvetia, because one of its chief nobles, Rudolph of Suabia, warmly sided with the pope, while the married Bishop of Constance, and all the western side of the country, sided with the emperor.

It is a long story, too long to tell here. However, the result was a sad depopulation of the land. The emperor's cause fared badly at first; and Rudolph, the anti-Cæsar, fell in battle. But finally, Hildebrand was driven from the Papal throne, and died in exile.

It was a sort of consequence of this war that Helvetia was for some time ruled by an excellent line of sovereigns, known as the Zœringen princes, to whom the country became deeply indebted for lasting benefits.

It was in this way:

On the death of Rudolph, Berchtold, who should have succeeded to the dukedom, knowing that he had a rival, and that the land was weary of war, presented himself at the diet of Mentz, and in presence of the emperor resigned all his rights to the dukedom of Suabia, and so ended a war which had lasted for twenty years.

In return for this noble act, it was decreed that Helvetia, including nearly all of the modern Switzerland, should be finally separated from Suabia, and made over to Berchtold and his heirs.

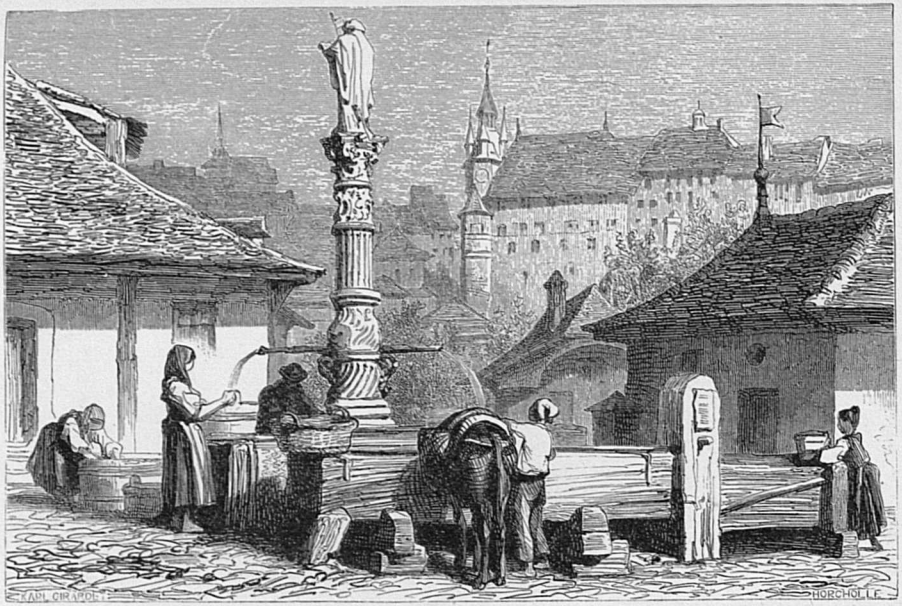
Just at this period the Crusades began; and these wars likewise in a certain way affected Helvetia. For by the drawing off and fall of some of the nobles, many opulent families came to poverty; and, their estates being divided, the land fell more into the possession of the lower classes.

Although invested with the sovereignty, these Zœringen princes yet owed a good deal of their power to the will of the people; for by Zurich and other towns they were elected to fill the important office of Kast-vogt, or Schirm-vogt; in other words, they were made wardens or patrons of the cities.

They took a great and most beneficent interest in the welfare of their subjects; and the two last, Berchtold IV. and Berchtold V. did much to encourage the foundation and growth of towns and cities. To the former Freyburg owes its origin, and to the latter Berne.

The story of the founding of that last city is worth telling.

Berchtold V. was persistently opposed both by the Alpine and the Burgundian nobles; and their



FREYBURG.

enmity grew so strong at last that they took up arms against him; thus he was continually engaged in warfare. Twice he met and defeated them in the field; and at length he began to look about for a suitable site at any equal distance from both parties, where he might build a town larger and more important than any that yet existed.

Now about four-fifths of Switzerland lies in the basin of the Rhine, of which the Aar is the principal branch. In the centre of the Oechstand, on a steep peninsula formed by this latter river, a meadow being in front and a forest at the back, Berchtold ordered Cuno of Bubenberg to begin operations. The climate was not inviting nor the country around attractive; moreover the castles of his enemies frowned on the new city from many a neighbouring peak; but the prince was determined; and when the town was some way advanced, he conferred so many privileges on the dwellers in it that many a noble went to live there as well as many a commoner of wealth. These built also; and so the new city grew.

It was made a free imperial town; and from

the first it was a commonwealth of independent gentlemen; but burghers from other cities, and artisans also, soon resorted to it.

For twenty years longer did Berchtold V. maintain his sway over his native land; and he lived beloved, respected, and feared by all; but his sons dying before him, the line became extinct at his death; and then Helvetia was again annexed to the German empire.

This, however, was the period known as the Interregnum, and a terrible period of lawlessness it was—no law but that of *faustrecht* (or fist right) being acknowledged. The imperial house of Hohenstangen having become extinct, and the imperial dignity having fallen into contempt, the middle of this thirteenth century was a melancholy time indeed, and the country which had so lately enjoyed such paternal government had now her full share of the miseries of the times.

But her future ruler, Count Rudolph of Hapsburg, was nevertheless born in the same year in which the excellent Berchtold V. died, and he was the founder of a line better known to fame,

though not more deserving of it, than were these Zœringen princes.

It was a portion only of the land over which Berchtold V. had reigned that naturally descended to Count Rudolph, but a conjunction of circumstances threw most of the rest of it into his possession; and he was in many respects just the man for those lawless times. In his youth, it is true, he had fallen into many wild excesses, but these he abandoned in his manhood; and in time he came to be honoured as an active, brave, and skilful ruler, able to assume and guide those reins which had for some time altogether dropped, and, moreover, regarded as a just and honest prince, notwithstanding a certain admixture of ambition in his character.

During the late period of violence and *faustrecht* which preceded his reign there had been a felt want of some strong, able ruler to reduce things again to order and peace; and as soon as Rudolph was of an age to take the helm he was gladly welcomed by some of the honest mountaineers of what was soon to get the name of

Switzerland. The three districts of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden had entered into a league for mutual defence, and Zurich had joined with them. Of those three districts Rudolph's grandfather had obtained for his house the right of vogt-ship. The right had soon been abolished, but it was now most gladly renewed with the young count in order to obtain his leadership and protection. And Zurich, besides, eagerly made him her military protector. In this way Rudolph gained that ascendancy which in his son's time became a tyranny under which the oppressed people so bitterly groaned.

Basle, however, did not entertain the same desire for a leader, or the same friendly feeling towards him; in fact, it resisted his claims, and ere long he was engaged in the siege of that city.

But in 1273 the German States chose Rudolph for their emperor; and then, when the news reached the citizens of Basle, forgetting past grievances they marched out of their gates and loyally invited him to enter. Thus the quarrel

was made up; and Basle joined with the other cities in rejoicing that one of their own countrymen was emperor.

Nor did Rudolph ever forget his native land amidst all the occupations of his imperial state. To the close of his life his government of it was characterised by a sort of paternal affection which was fully reciprocated by the people, though it must be allowed that in his latter days he became more ambitious and somewhat disposed to tighten the reins.

Berne, however, was an exception in respect of loyalty. It rebelled against his rule, and his son Albert at length marched against it. But the Bernese fought with such bravery that, struck with admiration, he made peace with them on the sole condition of their paying for a daily mass to be said for the soul of Count Louis, of Homberg, who had fallen in the siege.

Had Albert fulfilled this early promise of his youth, the whole history of Switzerland would have been changed.

He was created Duke of Austria by his father,

who had retaken from the King of Bohemia that territory which by Frederic Barbarossa had been erected into a dukedom. Rudolph is therefore considered as the founder of the house of Austria.

CHAPTER V.

SLAVERY AND STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

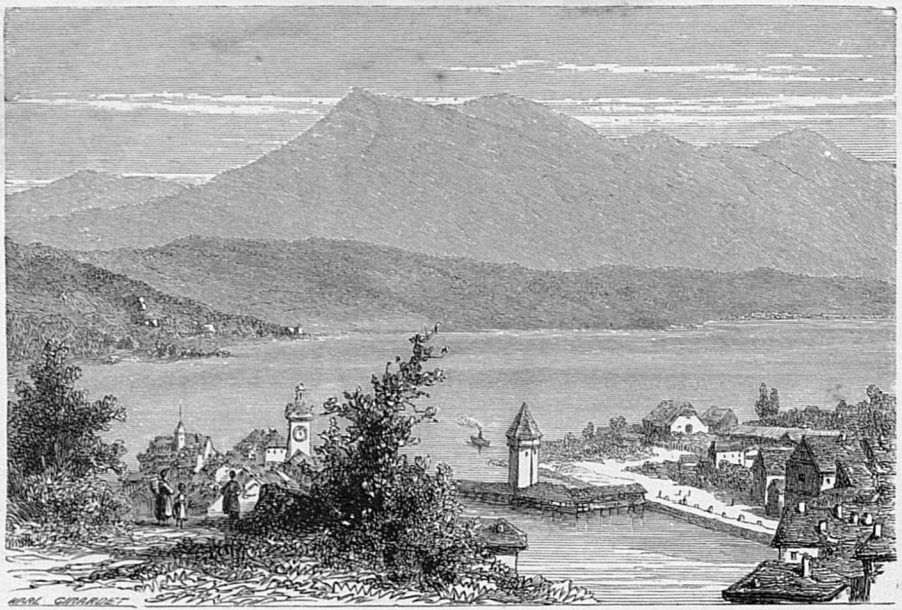
ALBERT OF HAPSBURG.—THE VOGTS.—THE WALDSTÄTTEN.—OPPRESSION OF THE PEOPLE.—OATH OF RUTLI.—STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.

THE fair promise of gentleness and of a merciful disposition which Albert had given at the siege of Berne led the men of Schwitz promptly to accept him as Rudolph's worthy successor, and to renew the league which they had made with the late emperor; but he soon proved himself a very different man, and they then regretted the confidence they had given him.

Albert, indeed, was at the beginning of his reign thinking little enough of the Schwitzers, or any of their countrymen. He was playing for a much higher stake. He meant to succeed his father on

the imperial throne as well as in his dukedom; but he did not at first obtain his desire; for the electors when they met chose Count Adolphus, and not the Duke of Austria. Count Adolphus, however, proved unpopular, and was soon deposed; and then Albert realised his wish, and was made emperor.

Then he found time to attend to what he considered as his natural inheritance, a great part of which by no means acknowledged his claim, and was therefore regarded by him as in a state of rebellion. Yet the fact was that all the power and authority which his father possessed over the country did not necessarily descend to him. The towns, lands, and lordships belonging to his house came to him, of course, by hereditary right; but there was beside the commonwealth of the forest cantons, and there were the free imperial towns, and lands, and lordships held directly from the German empire, which, at least, until his recent election, were by no means ready to yield him obedience. He forgot, too, that very much of his authority must depend on his election to various offices, and that on his popularity.



THE RIGHI FROM LUCERNE.

Very soon did he come out in his true character: very soon had that little gleam of generosity which kindled such bright hopes disappeared, and given way to the very opposite tendencies. Already was he showing himself the hard, unfeeling, rapacious man that he was; and already, also, was a determined feeling of opposition and resistance growing against his government, and that in a quarter from which he probably little expected anything serious.

It was in the very heart of the land that this spirit was growing, among the very Swiss of Switzerland, in that mountain region of the Forest Cantons, or Waldstätten, Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, which have been several times mentioned.

Lying around the Lake of Lucerne, and having the Righi Mountain in the midst, this whole district was inhabited in the olden time by a shepherd race, supposed to have been of Cimbric origin, unknown alike to Burgundian, Allemannic, and Frank invaders, and unexplored by all comers. until at length discovered by some Christian monks, and by them converted to Christianity.

A sturdy, independent, and, as it would seem, religious race they were, who equally desired some equitable ruler and detested the idea of tyranny.

Schwitz was perhaps the foremost of the three states. In its territory, down in the valley of Muotta, stood the one church, which for a long time served for the Christian worship of the whole district, while even in the time of the Zœringen princes the men of Schwitz had stood out for the rights and independence of their little territory against the encroachments of the Abbot of Einsiedlen, who claimed the right of pasturage for his cattle on all the mountains round. And although the Emperor, Henry V., had backed the Abbot, these Schwitzers had stood firm; nor could a sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Bishop of Constance move them. Nay, they even insisted on their priest saying mass as usual, under pain of banishment from the valleys. Thus had they gained for themselves the appellation of the free men of Schwitz; and their spirit had moved the other cantons to join them in a league of mutual defence.

Of this struggle one unintended monument remains, in the now splendid Abbey Church of Einsiedlen, which was rebuilt in the last century, in the Greco-Italian style.

Here then the famous struggle commenced which ended so happily for the whole country.

Albert desired to be first Duke of Helvetia; and counting, no doubt, on the adherence of these Forest Cantons to himself, as formerly to his father, he proposed to them that as their district lay in the midst of his hereditary dominions, they should break with the empire, and join their fortunes with him as Duke.

But they saw through the scheme, and, declining the proposal, they requested that instead a land-vogt of the empire should be sent to them.

To this request Albert seemed to agree; but as he had not gained his point by fair means, he now determined to gain it by foul; he would irritate the people to rebel, and then punish them for their rebellion. Instead of one Vogt to visit them at certain seasons, he now sent two to live amongst them, and chose men of tempers like his own, well

instructed, as it would seem, as to the course they were to pursue.

Gessler and Berenger were their names; and they soon appeared, each establishing himself in a fortified dwelling, the one at Altorf in Uri, the other at Sarnen in Unterwalden.

There they set to work to provoke the people by all possible means, garrisoning their castles with Austrian troops, sending (contrary to custom and ancient law,) all offenders to Lucerne or Zug to be tried by Austrian judges; levying taxes, imposing fines, and treating those who had borne arms in defence of their country as mere serfs and slaves.

Gessler had built his own mansion at Altorf, and named it "The Restraint of Uri;" but when he saw that a freeman of Schwitz had built himself a new house, he asked, "Is it to be borne that vile peasants like you should be possessed of such mansions?" A worse thing happened at Unterwalden. There young Arnold of Melchthal was sentenced to a fine for some trifling matter; and a fine team of oxen was taken from his plough by a servant of Berenger, with the

EINSIEDLEN.

insulting remark that "peasants should draw the plough themselves."

Who will wonder that the young man in his indignant rage lost all self-control, struck the Vogt's servant, and broke two of his fingers, and then fled as soon as he had done the deed?

And to what infamy should that man's name be consigned, who seared the old father's eyes in revenge, because he could not tell where his son was?

That savage action, perhaps more than any other, tended to rouse the whole district. It was followed by many similar ones; and the people, insulted and wounded in their most tender feelings, gradually grew desperate and took the law into their own hands. They could, in fact, in no other way obtain redress; but, of course, they were thus provoked to do many a deed of which they afterwards had cause to repent.

Yet, notwithstanding that some young people committed deeds which indicated irritation, the people in general were by no means eager for rebellion or revolt; but, on the contrary, they

would fain have avoided anything of the kind. The Waldstätten elders and leaders appear to have been grave, earnest, and religious men, who felt, in a most unusual way, especially for those times, the value of human life and the responsibility of shedding blood. They altogether deprecated it, except in self-defence.

The provocations and insults of these bailiffs, however, at length became altogether unbearable, and, for the protection of their hearths and homes, some combination for mutual defence was felt to be an absolute necessity.

So, at length, Werner Stauffacher, of Schwitz—he who had been taunted about his new house—Walter Furst, of Uri, and Arnold Melchthal, of Unterwalden, met, and agreed to ascertain the feelings of their neighbours, and see whether they had spirit enough to risk their lives in defence of their ancient liberties. A little lonely spot on a steep promontory jutting out into the lake of Lucerne was fixed on as the place of meeting, and there it was that these brave men planned the deliverance of their native land. At dead of

night they first met to lay their schemes and tell what adherents they had won. But on Martinmas Eve (November 11th), 1307, the three men each brought with him ten trusty companions. Then they clasped hands, and entered into a solemn engagement never to desert each other, but to use their utmost efforts for the restoration of their ancient freedom, only without, as most warriors would, and as the laws of war are supposed to allow, taking the liberties, properties, or, except when unavoidable, the lives of their enemies. It was at daybreak, as the first streaks of the morning sun began to illuminate the Alps, that the three leaders first raised their hands to heaven, and swore the solemn oath of Rutli, and then were followed in it by their thirty companions.

To seize the fortresses was the first point, and the men of Schwitz and Uri were for immediate action; but those of Unterwalden, doubtful of their power to succeed, advised delay, and, as it proved, wisely.

A new act of tyranny on the part of Gessler hurried matters on. Suspecting that the spirit of

resistance was roused, he adopted the following plan, apparently with a view to entrap the most daring and dangerous persons. His hat, or, as is supposed by some, the ducal hat of Austria, was placed on a high pole in the market-place at Altorf, and all men were ordered to uncover their heads as they passed it.

One of the men who had taken part in that meeting on Martinmas Eve—the famous William Tell—was the first to disobey; and thus we come to his celebrated story, which, whether true in every detail or not, is as follows:

Tell was instantly seized, and carried before the Vogt, who tried to extract from him some information respecting his friends and abettors. But the man remained determinately silent, and Gessler, in great wrath, proceeded to sentence him for the crime of which he had been guilty; only, as it was one unknown to the law, he had to invent the punishment for the occasion.

Tell had one only boy, and, as he himself was known to be an excellent marksman, he was condemned to try his skill on him. An apple was

placed on the head of his child, and the father, from a considerable distance, was to shoot at it, and be condemned to death if he missed.

The little fellow was blindfolded, the apple tied on his head, and Tell took his bow and his quiver, in which were two arrows; the cruel Gessler standing by to watch the dreadful archery.

Then Tell took a steady aim, and let his arrow fly. It whizzed through the air; and there arose a joyful shout of applause when the arrow was seen to have hit, not the child's head, but the apple on it.

The shout was soon checked, however, when the Vogt spoke, and demanded why Tell had taken a second arrow.

"It was the custom of archers," he answered at first; but on being further pressed, and promised life whatever he might say, he in the fulness of his pent-up wrath replied, "That was reserved for thee, had the first arrow hit my son."

"Tell," exclaimed the tyrant, "I have promised thee life; but thou shalt spend it in a dungeon."

Immediately he was seized, pinioned, and

flung into Gessler's boat. The wind was contrary, and in that long and narrow lake, which has high, steep rocks on either side, when the wind comes straight down from above there is a dangerous surge which makes it almost impossible to land. But Gessler, fearing a rescue from the indignant people, persisted in starting and endeavouring to make for the Castle of Kussnacht, at the other end of the lake, and out of the canton too, notwithstanding that it was against the law to confine prisoners anywhere except in their own native territory.

Very soon a sudden storm came on; the boat was in imminent danger, and the crew could do nothing with it. But Tell was known to be a skilful boatman, and to be intimately acquainted with the coast. In their despair, some of the crew suggested that if Tell were released, they might possibly be saved. Gessler nodded his assent, and Tell, unbound, was placed at the helm, and immediately began to steer the boat straight against the sharp sides of the Arenburg, close to a flat piece of rock which juts out into the water.

No sooner had they reached this, than, jumping to his feet, Tell seized a bow, and sprang with it on to the narrow ledge, and then pushing the little craft with his foot back into the roaring waves, he quickly fled away up the rocks.

He knew every inch of that shore, and foreseeing where his enemy must land, if land he did, he waited in a narrow pass near the castle in which he was to have been confined, and as Gessler passed—for the storm abated and he got on shore—Tell shot him through the heart, and then escaped back to his own friends.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

FIRST RISING.—FOREST CANTONS.—ALBERT HINDERED FROM ATTACKING THEM.—HIS DEATH.—BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

WILLIAM TELL perhaps regarded the assassination of Gessler as simply an act of self-defence; but the three leaders blamed him for the hasty action, and regretted it also, as necessarily bringing on the rising for which they did not feel themselves entirely prepared.

It was a question now of attacking, or being before long subjected to some further and more terrible oppression, in consequence of Tell's act. In these times, no doubt something would have happened in a very few days; but a month or six weeks then probably seemed early enough to

move; and, accordingly, the first of January was fixed as the day for beginning to carry their plans into execution. On that morning, therefore, twenty of the confederates went to Berenger's castle with their customary 'New Year's presents of fowls, sheep, &c.; and they met him on his way to mass.

Little suspecting their design, he bid them go in, while he went on to church. They did as directed; but, on arriving at the castle, each man took from under his jacket a spear-head, which he fastened to the head of his staff; and thus they disarmed the guards. Then they blew a signal-note on their horns, and thirty others sprang out of the alders around, all ready armed. So the castle was taken without any bloodshed, and the garrison dismissed, after being made to swear not to revenge the past.

On another night twenty men obtained entrance into a second castle by means of a rope ladder let down by a girl for the admittance of her lover. The Castle of Rotzberg was also seized; and the triumphant people, inspirited by

these successes, went from stronghold to stronghold, and gained possession in similar ways of each.

Among these was the "Restraint" of Uri, left unfinished by Gessler; which was now taken by Walter Furst and his famous son-in-law, William Tell.

And every one as soon as possessed was razed to the ground; for the people wished not to find means to continue a struggle thus begun, but simply to destroy all facilities for enslaving the country.

When the nobles heard what the burghers and vassals had done, they too joined the league; and on the following Sunday the old confederates met to renew their old oath.

They had gone straight forward in their noble enterprise, and had carried it out in a righteous way, trusting in God, and leaving the consequences to Him; and now the course of events was so ordered that an interval of peace was given them, in which to arrange their affairs, and rejoice in their newly-found freedom.

The Emperor, of course, was indignant and

highly exasperated; but he had lately been defeated in Thuringia, and just then was engaged in a dispute with the Bishop of Basle. So, not being able to attend just then to these forest cantons, he contented himself with laying them under the ban of the Empire by an edict which, not being followed up, was apparently of little importance to them.

Ambition had been Albert's bane through life. He had sowed the wind, and was about to reap the whirlwind.

His nephew, Duke John, was now twenty years of age, and he had long eagerly desired his father's old paternal inheritance. Now therefore he began to crave it of his uncle and to weary him with almost ceaseless entreaties. The Emperor, however, answered him only with bitter taunts and jeers, and thereby made for himself a very bitter enemy.

The youth, well aware that his uncle was hated, and that he himself was regarded with a good share of favour, at last determined to take by force what was so unjustly denied him.

Accordingly, he and some friends waited for the Emperor's return from a conference regard-

ing the forest cantons, and just as he had crossed the Reus, and for a moment was separated from his companions, they fell upon him and murdered him in broad daylight, leaving him to breathe his last in the arms of a poor woman who chanced to be near.

The young men went on their way, but soon found that this deed of theirs had excited horror in the minds of all; that when they tried to enter Zurich, the people closed their gates against them; that the peasantry on whom they had relied, regarded them with horror; while the brave and lately oppressed Waldstätten refused them entrance into their territories.

The widowed Empress Elizabeth at once set herself with a furious determination to obtain possession of the murderers, and made peace with the Bishop of Basle, in order to obtain his assistance; but they could not be found.

Then she and her son Leopold of Austria, in concert also with her cruel daughter, Agnes of Hungary, determined to have some revenge, hunted down the innocent relatives of the mur-

derers, together with their adherents and retainers, and thus slaughtered the first nobility of Helvetia without remorse. At one time sixty-three knights were beheaded together; and though all of them were generally believed to be innocent, yet Queen Agnes exclaimed: "Now we bathe in May dew!" A hundred nobles and about a thousand of the common people suffered for the act of this hot-headed youth.

But amongst all these horrors, the Waldstätten for the time were forgotten and overlooked, and were thus able to strengthen themselves in their position.

But, though the gauntlet may be said to have been thrown down, yet the great struggle for liberty was still to come. The crisis was, however, approaching; and a very few years saw the old town of Zurich taking part in the contest; but before that time the mountaineers had again to stand the brunt of the war.

Henry VII., the next Emperor, it is true, recognised their right to be independent of any power except the Empire; but he soon met his death by

poison; and then there were two candidates for the throne. One of these was Frederick, son of the late Emperor Albert, whom the Swiss naturally did not favour, and the other was Louis of Bavaria, with whom they sided, and who was at last elected.

Meantime the old quarrel between the monks of Einsiedlen and the men of Schwitz was revived, and in that quarrel the sons of Albert rejoiced to find an excuse for marching into the country.

This was the cause of the famous, and for the Swiss, glorious battle of Morgarten.

Duke Leopold invaded the land at the head of 15,000 or 20,000 troops, eager to stand by the monks and wreak his vengeance on the mountaineers for their opposition to his brother. He had the flower of the nobility in his army; and he expected additions at Unterwalden. Berenger, the ex-Vogt, and the two sons of Gessler fought under him; and the whole army advanced in high spirits, and in the greatest confidence of success. It was the first army that had appeared to attack these Waldstätten; and the few hun-

dreds of Swiss who waited to receive them needed indeed the bravest and stoutest of hearts to enable them to look undauntedly on the long line of Austrian helmets, to say nothing of the bitterness of beholding among their opponents some of their own countrymen from Lucerne and Zurich.

It was the Schwitzers who took the lead, and scornfully declined the overtures of peace. By the advice, as it is said, of an old veteran named Rudolph of Reding, they chose the pass of Morgarten, and seven hundred Schwitzers and another seven hundred from Uri and Unterwalden looked down from the heights on the vast multitude who were coming against them, bringing with them waggon-loads of ropes, with which, as Leopold scornfully declared, he was going to hang up all the ringleaders.

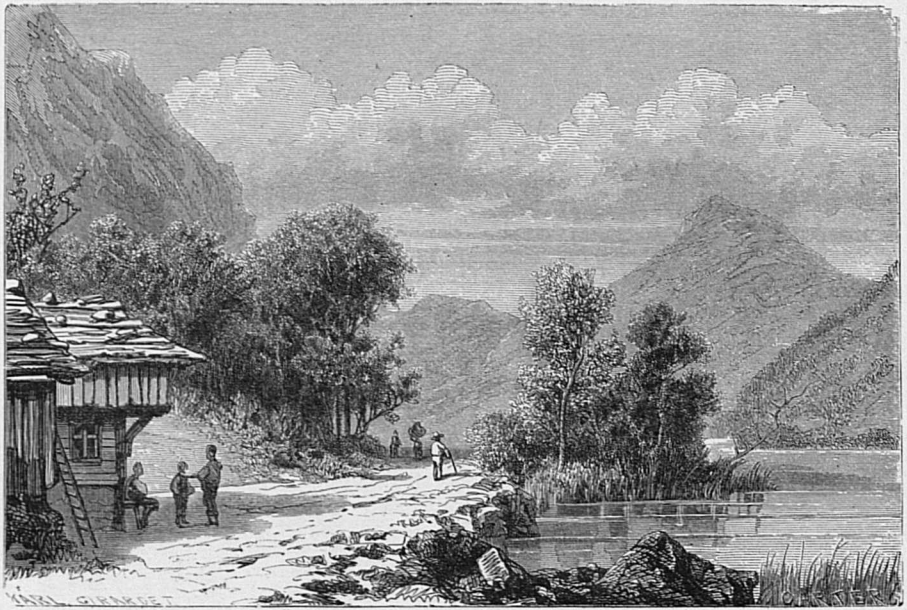
On marched the over-confident army, and up through the mountain pass they came; but, as soon as they reached the narrow ridge between Morgarten and the lake, and the horsemen were forced to move in single file, there came rolling from the mountain sides trunks of trees and large stones which caused the first horses to rear and

throw their riders, and the whole body were soon in confusion.

It was fifty banished Switzers who thus began the assault. Their countrymen had scorned to admit them into their ranks again; but they were resolved to be foremost in the defence of their native land; and when the men of the Waldstätten saw it, they hesitated not a moment; but down from the heights they rushed in their nailed mountain shoes, still keeping in their order; and with their heavy halberds (hatchet and spear in one) and their *morgensternen*, or iron-pointed clubs, great was the execution which they did on both foot and horse soldiers.

How many of the former fell is not known, but between 1000 and 1500 of the cavalry, including many nobles, the confederates' great foe, Berenger, and the two young Gesslers being slain; while the rest of the army was thrown into such confusion that the rout was soon complete.

This was the famous battle of Morgarten, and thus, with the loss of only fourteen men, did these brave mountain patriots win the day.



MORGARTEN.

But scarce had they time to breathe ere they were called off to meet a new foe; for news was brought them that 4000 men, under the Count of Strasburg, were plundering Sarnen; and as many as were able hurried across the lake to confront him.

They soon overthrew the advanced guard, and were preparing to attack the main body, when the Count, perceiving with them two standards which he knew to have been at Morgarten, formed his own conclusions, and thought it prudent to draw off his troops.

Thus did the noble Waldstätten rid their country of the invaders, and make for themselves, and more especially for Schwitz, the most forward and important of the three cantons, a name so famous that before many years had passed it came to be that by which all the inhabitants of the whole country were known; and other nations no longer talked of Helvetians, but of Schwitzers, or Swiss, and of the land as Switzerland.

It was a noble war thus begun, because it was one entirely of self-defence, with no attempt at

revenge, and no desire for plunder or for bloodshed. To fight simply when and because they must, kneeling first to ask the help of Almighty God; and then when the fight was over, to go straight home again—this was for a long time the principle on which these brave mountain people acted; and it is a question whether the history of our world affords a similar example of warfare.

They saw what they must do to ensure the liberty of their native land, and they did it. Soon after the battle of Morgarten, the great-hearted and worthy leaders met and sealed a solemn compact ever to stand by and defend each other, and never again to receive a bailiff or judge who was not a native of one of the cantons.

CHAPTER VII.

STORIES OF THE BRAVE OLD SWISS.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE MEN OF SOLEURE.—CONSPIRACY IN LUCERNE DEFEATED.—EIGHT OLD CANTONS.—THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN REPUBLIC.—BATTLES OF LAUPEN, LEMPACH AND NAFELS.—REGULATIONS OF LEMPACH.

It might have been supposed that Albert's successor on the imperial throne would, in this one respect, have followed in his line of action, and then what would have become of the poor Waldstätten?

They, perhaps, themselves had scarcely considered this possibility. Urged on by their deep necessity they had committed their cause to God, and done what seemed to them the right thing. And He who can ever make the wrath of man to serve Him, so overruled the course of events that

the struggling people were saved from their oppressors, and their liberty preserved to them.

Louis was pleased at his rival's defeat, and congratulated the Waldstätten on their victory, promising at the same time to stand by them and protect them.

From the rest of their own countrymen they were, however, as yet divided. In fact, this had not been a struggle for the freedom of Switzerland as a whole, for in those days Switzerland was not one in interests or in feeling. Men of Zurich and of Zug had been in the Austrian army at Morgarten, and had fallen, man by man, fighting desperately against their own countrymen.

It would be a long tale to relate how all the towns and cantons gradually joined the league of the confederates; but a few stories and particulars are too interesting to be omitted, especially as they show the simple-minded and magnanimous spirit in which these old Swiss fought their battles and gained their victories. The first shall be connected with Soleure, although it was many years before it joined the league, and indeed was

not one of the eight old cantons. Leopold laid siege to this city because it had joined the side of his rival Louis.

A certain Count Hugo was the commandant; and his son was in the hands of the duke, who tried to frighten the count into submission by threatening to kill his son. The threat, however, moved neither father nor son.

Leopold had caused a bridge to be thrown over the Aar, just above the town, in order that by stationing his soldiers on it he might prevent supplies from being carried into the town. He loaded the bridge so heavily that it gave way, and all the soldiers were plunged into the river.

In a moment the men of Soleure, forgetting that these were their enemies, and remembering only that they were perishing countrymen, themselves plunged into the river after them, rescued the drowning men, took them into the town to be restored and refreshed, and then sent them back to the camp without asking any ransom.

This generosity was too much even for Leopold. Asking entrance for himself and thirty knights

only, he presented the town with a banner, and then concluded with it an honourable peace. Soleure afterwards remained for a considerable period a free town under the empire. But Lucerne had fallen under the power of the Dukes of Austria; and it was, in consequence, at war with the Waldstätten, whose near neighbour it was, being situated on one side of the very same lake—the lake of Lucerne—round which all these four cantons lay.

Its trade with Italy was hindered by this war; and, moreover, Berne was also its enemy. And yet Austria did not support her overstrained subject ally; but in many ways she treated her very badly, withholding the subsidies which had been promised to the town, and increasing its taxes.

Naturally indignant at this treatment, the Lucernese at length decided to throw off the Austrian yoke, and league themselves with the Confederates. So Lucerne became the fourth canton; and she very soon found the benefit of being allied to the Waldstätten.

Duke Albert II., on coming to his inheritance,

soon resolved on war with the lost canton, and accordingly surrounded the town with his troops. But he received two defeats from the citizens and their allies.

Then the Austrian troops contrived to intrigue with the nobles who were in the town, and get them to agree to sally out from their houses at night, surprise the popular leaders, and throw open the city gates.

Happily for the town, however, one of its boys happened to be present when this arrangement was made. The men did not perceive him whilst they were talking, but when they became suddenly aware of his presence, they seized him, and were about for ever to stop his mouth, when others of them, more merciful, interposed; and it ended by his being compelled to swear that he would not tell any one what he had heard.

Then they let him go; and he went straight into the butchers' hall, where some persons were together. Walking up to the stove, and standing with his back to the company, he then began talking aloud to himself, and going over all that

he had seen and heard, and respecting the oath that he had been made to swear.

Those present listened attentively, and then rushed out and awoke the townsfolk. The conspirators were seized, help summoned from Unterwalden, all the nobles in the magistracy expelled, and a council of 300 at once formed to manage the affairs of the canton. The affair ended by Lucerne being left in peace and in alliance with the three old cantons.

The fifth to join was the old city of Zurich, with all its territory. Internal quarrels had almost brought that republic to ruin, and it had also of late offended the Austrian government by destroying the castle of Rapperschwyl, because in it their own banished citizens had taken refuge. Seeing, then, the vengeance about to be taken on them, they applied to the Swiss, and in 1351 were received into the confederation. Not only so, for the first place in rank was yielded to Zurich, in consideration of its size and importance.

Duke Albert at once laid siege to it, and the Forest Cantons promptly went to its aid. Then the

duke summoned Glaris to support him; but Glaris refused, declaring that she was subject to the Abbey of Leckingen, and bound only to fight for it. So the duke would have instantly occupied its territory; but the Swiss marched in first, and the same year Glaris joined the Swiss league.

Zug made the seventh.

Being in difficulties, and applying to their old liege, the Duke Albert, for help, the men of Zug were told that he was too busy to attend to them, and that they had better apply to the Swiss. So they took him at his word.

Lastly, Berne joined, having been won by the friendly mediation of the Swiss in a diet at Lucerne, and gladly accepting their invitation to make one of the confederation.

These were the eight old cantons which for more than a century formed the whole Swiss league. Yet, embosomed in the mountains and without the Swiss territory, there yet remained a little group of villages, with a thousand inhabitants between them; and these—Gersau, Beggenried, and Buochs—formed a little republic by itself, and

remained even to the last century in this primitive condition, free amongst the free.

Bravely indeed did the eight cantons defend themselves against the encroachments of Austria, and long did they maintain their simple, straightforward character, ready always to shed the last drop of their blood for their country, but only engaging in war when war was absolutely necessary.

It was a European marvel how so small a territory could stand its ground against such powerful neighbours; and yet it did; and the Dukes of Austria and Burgundy, with other nobles, vainly attempted to crush its spirit and its liberties.

These enemies, however, were not kept at bay without other severe struggles; and three famous battles were fought after that first at Morgarten, each of which must have a little notice.

The first of these was the battle of Laupen. The emperor and the nobles had united their forces to crush Berne, and threatened not to leave in it one living person. But it was defended by Rudolph of Erlach, and under him these combined forces received a signal overthrow, and the victory

GERSAU

at Laupen decided the freedom of all western Switzerland.

Forty years afterwards Zurich was threatened, and the famous battle of Sempach was fought.

Duke Leopold, with a picked body of 4000 men, was marching against the town, and sent on first Rutschman of Reinach, who, mounted on a cart full of ropes, approached the city with the old threat.

But the little handful of Swiss in the city went out on foot to meet them, marching in an angular form, one man followed by two, three by four, and so on.

They came up with the enemy at Sempach, but the Austrian ranks bristled with spears, and the Swiss, badly armed with long swords and halberds only, could make at first no impression on their ranks. But a knight of Unterwalden, Arnold of Winkelreid, at the cost of his own life solved the difficulty.

"I'll open a passage for you!" he cried, and, seizing as many Austrian spears as he could grasp, he buried them in his own body, and made a gap

into which his countrymen were not slow to press. Then their bodily strength and light arms gave them the advantage over foes who were fainting under the heat of a summer sun; and the victory was soon on the side of the Swiss. Leopold himself fell and 2000 of his men, while the Swiss lost only about 200 men.

But Leopold's sons continued the war until, near the village of Näfels, they sustained a defeat as signal as either Morgarten, Laupen, or Sempach had proved for Austria.

The spirit in which during all these years the brave old Swiss fought is shown in a set of military regulations drawn up after the battle of Sempach. They are as follows:

1st. Not to attack or injure any church or chapel unless the enemy have retired into it.

2nd. Not to insult any females.

3rd. Every Swiss engages to sacrifice his life or property if required for the defence of his countrymen.

4th. No Swiss shall abandon his post even when wounded.

5th. It is forbidden to any man to straggle for the sake of plunder without leave from his captain, or to appropriate to himself any part of the booty, which must all be reported, and divided equally and in good faith.

6th. Whoever shall bring provisions to the confederates shall be protected and receive a safeguard.

7th. Each of the eight cantons engages not to undertake any war, unless it be approved of by the rest.

8th. No Swiss shall take away anything from any of his countrymen either in peace or war.

Regulations such as these made good troops; and it would have been well had the Swiss always fully maintained their character for humanity in warfare.

CHAPTER VIII.

DARK TIMES.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE. — THREE POPES. — JOHN HUSS AND JEROME OF PRAGUE.

THE Swiss fought out their great battle for liberty, as we have just seen, in the 14th century, and when we remember the very low condition of faith and morals in Europe at that period, the simple honesty, and the religious patriotism which they exhibited throughout the struggle appear the more remarkable.

The Bishop of Rome was then at the height of his power. He ruled, in fact, over all Europe, and was in some sense the director of its fortunes. In that very century, however, two popes had reigned at one time, the one at Rome, and the

other at Avignon; and they rivalled each other in treachery and vice, and in the injurious epithets which each heaped on the other.

These two men, each claiming supremacy and, in virtue of his office, infallibility also, were truly among the most miserable of human beings.

Clemangis, the historian, thus describes one of them, Clement VII. "He was," he says, "so completely a servant of the servants of the King of France, that scarcely would a vile slave have endured the indignities daily heaped on him by the courtiers."

As for Urban VII. at Rome, he expended his indignation against his opponents in excommunications and tortures.

So much for the popes.

As for the church over which they ruled, its benefices and dignities were sold, as the same historian tells us, "in order to draw into the coffers of the apostolic chambers the gold of all Christendom. The clergy," he adds, "spend their whole lives in gaming, drinking, and frequenting houses of ill-fame;" and as for the religious houses,

they were in such a state that no respectable girl could with honour take the veil.

"The corruption of the church," said even Cardinal D'Ailly, "was so great that it was currently said that it was only fit to be governed by reprobates, and that it had become worldly, diabolical, tyrannical, worse than any secular court, while ecclesiastical dignities were bestowed on grooms, muleteers, even on assassins, and refused to those who had any knowledge."

Surely it was passing strange that to such a church these honest mountaineers could remain attached without losing their own steadfast virtues!

They were men of action, however, rather than of argument; for, as we saw in the quarrel between the Schwitzers and the Abbot of Einsiedlen, where injustice was done them, even by an ecclesiastic, they would not stand it. But as time went on, their eyes were gradually opened to the necessity of checking the abuse of clerical power; and in 1370 a set of regulations, extraordinarily bold for those times, were drawn up

by the Waldstätten, Zurich, Lucerne, and Zug. Those regulations went by the name of the Pfaffenbrief.

"Unclean, unclean," was becoming indeed increasingly the self-condemning cry of Christendom; and the voice of the Almighty was not silent. Loudly and fearfully did it speak in that most terrible pestilence which, in this same 14th century, swept over Asia and Europe, utterly desolating many a town, and leaving many a large estate without a claimant, and proclaiming, as it passed along, that there was still a God who taketh vengeance.

The joy of many a Swiss victory was saddened by that plague, and by the many troubles that had preceded its appearance: earthquakes, swarms of locusts, and famine. Many sects, some of them fanatical ones, at that time took their rise: among others the Flagellants, the Beghards, and the Beguines; while, according to the spirit of the times, the poor Jews, accused of being the provoking cause of all these miseries, had to suffer a fierce persecution. Darkness had indeed settled on the

nations of Europe, and in fact the true Church of God was now in the wilderness, whilst her adversary flaunted herself in high places. But in quiet spots they witnessed—the Albigenses in France, and the Waldenses in Piedmont; and ever and anon no doubt a streak of light went up into the dark through some poor nurse or servant, chosen by the wealthy for the well-known virtue of these people.

In Bohemia, too, there were some who, like them, held fast to the pure faith, and according to their own documents had done so ever since the Apostles' times. A great witness from amongst these people was about to be raised up, and in the next century, the 15th, he boldly stood forth to do battle for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Passing over all the intervening years, we come then to this extraordinary epoch in the history of the Church and of Switzerland, when, after a period of growing evil, without any public protest since the time of Peter Waldo, save the voice of Wickliffe in England, John Huss, the Bohemian confessor, was compelled, even by his enemies,

to utter his testimony so that all Europe heard it.

The story of this wonderful man is connected with that of Switzerland by the mere accident of the choice of a Swiss city for a vast European gathering. It had come to be a recognised fact that great evils existed in the Church, and that something ought to be done to remedy them, when once again a disputed succession to the papal throne caused the Emperor Sigismund to decide on calling a council, to settle that as well as other matters.

And certainly, if there was to be a pope at all, it was high time that men should know whom to honour as such. For, though John XXIII. was on the throne, yet a Gregory and a Benedict also claimed the honour of sitting there; and the church, of which each was supposed to be the head, was therefore in considerable confusion.

Frederick of Austria supported John, who was a profligate and worldly man, while the Swiss opposed him; and the Emperor being opposed to Frederick in this matter, a war ensued, a wretched,

devastating warfare, into which the Forest Cantons were finally drawn by the force of circumstances, and with great reluctance.

The Austrian army was finally defeated, and in its defeat the hitherto unknown Appenzellers, whose little slip of land just touched the Tyrol, bore a conspicuous part. Soon afterwards they procured for themselves admission into the Swiss league.

Meantime the Council of Constance began its sittings, and before even the question of who should be pope was settled, John Huss was summoned before it.

The name of that great saint is a well-known one; but not so his story, beyond the fact of his martyrdom. The reason of this ignorance probably is that his work did not seem to live and to issue in great results, as did that of Luther. It was apparently crushed out after his death.

And yet it was not so.

That was a wonderful drama in the world's history in which he was called to play his part; and few indeed have been honoured with a more

conspicuous and public place in which to bear testimony for the Master! Little indeed could the Bohemian boy have guessed that he should one day be called to confront all Europe: yet so it was.

For, like Luther, Huss was the son of peasant parents, though from his early youth he devoted himself to the priesthood.

That he should have done so is remarkable, surrounded as he was by those who openly profaned the work of the ministry, and not only practised, but avowedly sanctioned all kinds of vice and crime, while themselves holding the most sacred offices.

This is not the way of common minds, which usually turn altogether from a profession which has so disgraced itself. But Huss saw that the work set before him was God's work, and was not to be driven from it by the wickedness of men—a good lesson indeed for many a hasty and inconsiderate worker!

He was not, however, an enlightened minister at first setting out in life, but striving according to his light to do the will of God he was soon made to know the doctrine that was of Him.

The works of Wickliffe came before him; and he read them, at first with disapproval. But his mind changed as he read on; and soon these writings exercised a great influence over him. Like the English Reformer, he gradually saw the Holy Scriptures to be the only rule of faith, and as a natural consequence the pretensions of the Romish priesthood fell to the ground.

To oppose their vices and their assumptions was thenceforth the aim of his life. He himself tells us how he felt himself called to this work, and how, as to Ezekiel, a voice seemed to come to him, bidding him "go in and behold the wicked abominations that were done in the holy place." "I have but obeyed the voice which said to me, 'Dig in the wall,'" he said, "and then saw I another door, and that door was the Holy Scripture, through which I beheld exposed the abominations of the priesthood and monachism represented under various emblems."

On his ordination to the priesthood, Huss had been chosen by the Queen of Bohemia as her chaplain, and in that position he made many and

powerful friends. Yet even one of his opponents, the Jesuit Balbinus, writing about him, described very elaborately the modesty and simplicity of his manners, his irreproachable life, and his extreme affability to all, even the poorest. Indeed Huss would appear to have been free from all that roughness of manner which was the blot on Luther's character.

It was not, however, until his appointment to the chapelry of Bethlehem, on the Bethlem Platz, in Prague, that he became really famous. There his preaching created a great impression, and he made many disciples; and there probably he might have lived and died in peace had he simply preached the truth, and omitted to protest against error. That would not, however, have been following the example of his Master, nor of Peter or Paul; and, though the work of a reformer is never a pleasant work, yet, feeling himself called to it, he did not shrink even from standing in the forefront of the battle, though fully aware of the personal danger in which he was placed.

Very soon he received a citation to appear before

the Archbishop of Prague. This would have been to yield himself prisoner, and give up his work. Huss did not obey; but on the following Sunday he justified himself to his people, and distinctly exhorted them to break their chains. Henceforward he was a marked man; and now principalities and powers became aware that they must choose their sides.

The University of Bologna declared for the Reformer; while Pope John XXIII., in a frenzy of rage, summoned him to Rome; and when he did not appear, excommunicated him, and placed Prague also under an interdict.

Huss did not regard the sentence as legal, and therefore disregarded it, saying to his followers: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, perfect God and perfect man, surrounded by high priests, by scribes, by Pharisees, by the officials of an exploded system of sacrifice, at once His judges and His jury, left to His disciples the sublime example of submitting His cause to the judgment of God. Following this holy example, I appeal to God, since I now find myself oppressed by an iniquitous sentence."

The Pope's own position, it must be remembered, was by no means sufficiently recognised to make such a sentence binding on the greatest devotee of the system.

Huss then withdrew to his native village, fearful lest on his account the preaching of the gospel should be stopped. From thence he wrote encouraging charges to his flock, and also sent a letter to the principal of the university, in which he said that he was quite prepared to seal his testimony with his blood.

It was just at this juncture that Jerome, of Prague, a more famous scholar than himself, and a member of three universities, joined the Bohemian Reformer, and became not only his friend but his fast follower. And he, too, saw that things had come to such a pass that it was necessary to oppose those who so glaringly set themselves against the precepts of the gospel, even though they were in the most exalted positions.

So when the Pope preached a crusade against Ladislas of Hungary, because he claimed the throne of Naples, he wrote, "Warfare is not permitted to Popes, especially for secular interests."

At the same time he declared against the granting of indulgences, and shortly after against image worship, auricular confession, and the fasting practised in those days.

Public attention was thus fully arrested, and a great sensation produced; for these writings were widely circulated, and far and wide men discussed the opinions of this Bohemian pastor.

In fact, the Emperor Sigismund hoped by the council which he was calling together to calm and settle the minds of the people then stirred in so unusual a way.

Meantime, the infamous John, who was still called Pope, was furious against his holy opponent. He instigated the famous Gerson, of Paris, to reply to his writings, and tried to stir up the great powers to "apply the axe of the secular arm to this barren and accursed tree." Unhappily, the Council of Constance adopted the advice thus given; and ere yet the question of who should be Pope was settled, the Bohemian apostle was summoned to present himself before it.

The town of Constance stands on the banks of

CATHEDRAL OF CONSTANCE.

the noble Rhine, within a mile of one of Switzerland's largest lakes, the old Boden See, or lake of Constance; and it was indeed an august assembly now gathered there.

"The chosen city," says Müller, "saw arriving from Italy, from France, from Germany, from England, from Sweden, from Denmark, from Poland, from Hungary, from Bohemia, and even from Constantinople, deputies that represented emperors, kings, princes, cities, universities. The nobles vied with each other, at the expense of the riches amassed by their ancestors, in dazzling Europe with the splendour of their armour, of their vestments, of their chargers, of their gaudy cortéges; the learned cardinals and prelates sought by profound philosophical acumen, by wide and varied learning, and by vigorous eloquence, to acquire undying renown in the sight of all Christendom. Many flocked as to a spectacle, which neither they nor their ancestors had ever seen. All Europe was on the tiptoe of expectation; the friends of virtue among all nations offered their vows to Heaven, some few setting

their minds on a thorough reform of the church' others having recourse to subterfuge to avoid such a result: while by far the most numerous of the devotees were those who came to enjoy the various pleasures presented."

About 100,000 persons were there, and in the foremost rank Gerson, ambassador of Charles VI. and Cardinal d'Ailly, surnamed the Eagle of France and the Hammer of heretics.

The perfidious John was there, the only one of the three claimants of the popedom who would appear; and at the head of all, the naturally dignified Sigismund, head of the holy Roman Empire.

John Huss was, in truth, to present himself at the bar of Europe. He went, not expecting exactly the treatment that he received, for he was provided with a safe conduct from the Emperor; yet, fully aware of the dangers that lay before him and having first bid farewell to his attached friends and disciples in the little chapel at Bethlehem, and in his own words, "cast himself on the help of the Holy Spirit, for strength to defend the truth, for

grace to confront temptations, imprisonment, and the suffering of an agonising death."

On his arrival at Constance he went to lodge with a poor widow, and was not called to the council until twenty-six days had passed.

Modern travellers are still shown the chair on which he stood in the immense room in the old town-hall.

"Maître John Huss," said his judges, "we have learned respecting you many things which, if true, cannot be tolerated."

To which John Huss replied that he had come of his own free will to receive correction if he were in the wrong. For this expression he was afterwards called to account, when he explained that in Bohemia, so many and powerful were his friends that, had he chosen it, they could so have hidden him that he would never have been found.

This statement was corroborated by a noble Bohemian gentleman, John de Chlum, who boldly stood on his side throughout the trial, and declared that he himself could have concealed him for a twelvemonth.

His enemies, however, soon let him know that they did not intend that he should escape them. Before night he was a prisoner of the pontifical court, nor did the efforts of John de Chlum or even the order of the Emperor avail for his release.

This was a violation of the safe conduct, and de Chlum in great indignation affixed a protest to each of the churches against it. But, notwithstanding, Huss was only hurried thence to the dungeon of the Dominicans, and put into a cell near to a sewer, in consequence of which he fell dangerously ill. The city of Prague rose as one man at the news of this treatment, and earnest remonstrances were addressed by some Bohemian nobles to the Emperor. But the enemies of Huss persuaded him that he ought not himself to deal with a heretic, and said that if he arrested the course of justice they had nothing to do at Constance.

Still suffering from fever, and without the help of an advocate, the poor prisoner had to receive and reply to certain visitors from the council. He endeavoured to solace his weary hours by

writing to his friends at Prague, and composing little treatises for his gaolers. But before long he was given into the custody of the Bishop of Constance and shut up in an iron tower, with irons on his legs, and at night chained to the wall.

The excitement which the news of this treatment caused at Prague was intense; and Jerome, now true to his promise, hastened to Constance, although denied a safe conduct. There he was at once made prisoner, many voices crying "To the stake! to the stake!" Poor Jerome was, if possible, more barbarously treated than Huss, his chains being riveted so high that he could not sit, and that his hands rested on his neck, pressing down his head.

But before the end came for these holy confessors, their enemy John had to stand his trial. Charged with seventy crimes, and pronounced an oppressor of the poor, a suborner of justice, the mainstay of simonists, a worshipper of the flesh, the enemy of all virtue, etc., etc., he was formally deposed, and confined a prisoner in the castle of Gottlieben, where he displayed great cowardice,

but lived several years in easy confinement, and was at length released and received into favour by his successor.

Then other questions came before the council, as for instance, the giving of the sacramental cup to the laity, a practice which it condemned.

At length it found time to attend to the men who had so boldly denounced the wrong-doing for which the Pope was condemned; and the trial of Huss, if such a scene of noisy vociferation and abuse could be so called, came on. It consisted of many examinations, during which he was continually brow-beaten. But his God was with him, and his courage rose as the danger increased. Perhaps it was the sublimity of his conduct that overawed his enemies, and made them long fear to take the final step.

John de Chlum, with noble courage and devotion, stood by him throughout. "How sweet it is," said Huss one day when Chlum had hastened to encourage him in prison, "how sweet it is to clasp the hand of Messire John, who did not blush to offer it to me—to me miserable, a de-

clared heretic, despised, in chains, and loudly condemned of all men!"

In vain did his enemies strive to make him recant. He continued to prepare himself for the bitter end, writing to the friends who endeavoured to strengthen him, "I have confidence in God that He will not abandon me, that He will not permit that I deny His word. When we shall meet in eternity, you shall know with what mercy the Lord deigns to strengthen me in my cruel trials."

On one of the last occasions he replied to a long list of charges by repeating the Athanasian Creed. In a few words he justified himself to the people, and concluded by telling them, as he turned a fixed gaze on the Emperor, "that he came there under the public assurance of the Emperor there present."

Sigismund blushed with shame, a blush that became so proverbial, that when Charles V. was urged to act in the same way towards Luther, he exclaimed, "No; I have no wish to blush like Sigismund."

The works of Huss were condemned to the

flames, and he to degradation from the priesthood. They put the sacramental cup into his hands and violently wrenched it away. "My hope is in God's mercy," said Huss; "and ere one hundred years ye shall answer for this day before God; yea, even in my presence." His vestments were taken off one after another, and a sugar-loaf-shaped crown, inscribed "The heresiarch," and on which were painted demons, was placed on his head. "I wear this crown of disgrace with joy for the love of Him who wore one of thorns," he said.

They were burning his books as he passed to the stake after sentence had been pronounced by the city magistrates. It was erected in a meadow, near the gardens of the faubourg. He was followed thither by an immense concourse, and on reaching it began to repeat the penitential psalms. "I would endure this fearful death with all humility," he said, "for the cause of the gospel. Pardon all my enemies."

After several attempts by other persons the Elector Palatine himself urged him to recant; but

he replied only, that he had never taught the errors imputed to him, and that his one thought had been to rescue souls from the tyranny of sin.

The flames were kindled as he cried, "Jesus, thou son of the living God, have pity on me!" He continued praying, and even sang a hymn whilst the fire was doing its cruel work; and when he expired the wreck of his poor body was torn in pieces, thrown into the flames again, and then afterwards cast into the Rhine.

Thus perished this holy member of the noble army of martyrs, in the forty-fifth year of his age; and he was shortly followed to his rest, through the same fiery trial, by his devoted friend Jerome of Prague, who, in the midst of longer and still more intense sufferings, did once soil his honour by signing a recantation, but very soon recanted his recantation.

Could such scenes have taken place on the boasted free soil of Switzerland without producing a deep impression on her sons? Surely not.

CHAPTER IX.

STRUGGLE WITH CHARLES THE BOLD.

DETERIORATION OF SWISS CHARACTER. — DUKE OF BURGUNDY'S VAST DOMINIONS.—SWISS OPPRESSED.—BAILIFF HAGENBACH.—EDWARD IV. AND LOUIS XI. BOTH COURT ALLIANCE WITH THE SWISS.—EXECUTION OF HAGENBACH.—BATTLES OF GRANSON AND OF NANCY.—DEATH OF THE DUKE.

SIXTY years passed after that great gathering at Constance, and by that time the Swiss Confederacy had grown into a power in Europe—a power both respected and feared.

During that interval the various cantons had gained territory, and their troops had gained renown; but it must be confessed that in other things they had lost, and that their losses were great, because they were personal, and concerned their old national characteristics. In short, the

bad spirit of the age had infected them also; it had overpassed the barriers of their rocks and mountains, and infected even those once pure valleys.

The Swiss had now other ideas about warfare than those they held in former times. That old spirit of moderation and of mercy, which a century earlier had made them to be a marvel in Europe, had in a great measure departed.

They fought now for other things besides country and liberty, and some of their old maxims of war seem to have been forgotten. Of late they had carried their arms into Italy, though only to get worsted there; and, more recently, in a contest of the other cantons with Zurich, great barbarities had been committed by the once merciful Swiss.

We come now, however, to an episode in their history which plainly shows that by no means all was lost, and that the people still retained their old love of liberty, and were incapable of bowing to a foreign yoke.

It was at the time when Edward IV. sat on the throne of England, and Louis XI. on that of

France, at the time when kings had reason to treat their great nobles with respect, and when some of these ranked among princes, and had territories as large and powers as great as any crowned sovereign, that the circumstances that are now to be related took place.

In such a position was Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, whose dominions extended from the Jura Mountains and the Rhine to the Sea of Holland, and included all the rich provinces of Franche Comté, Burgundy, Alsace, Lorraine, Picardy, and Flanders. A man of strong impulses was this Charles, haughty, proud, and uncompromising, with, however, an admixture of honesty and honour in his character.

To him the Duke of Austria had pledged all his fine Swiss possessions ; and now, when he heard of the oppressions and cruelties to which his old subjects were exposed, and would have redeemed those provinces, Charles would not consent. He had put a bailiff, named Hagenbach, into the country to rule it for him; and this man it was who was guilty of all those acts of tyranny which

caused the people to cry out against the duke his master.

Their complaints at length reached his ears; and it so happened that just at that particular time he had a motive for desiring to be on good terms with the Swiss.

Edward of England was then meditating the recovery of those old French provinces, the loss of which had been felt as so great a disgrace by the English people, and he asked the help of Charles the Bold in his enterprise. The crafty Louis then, in order to divert his attention and lessen his power to help the King of England, endeavoured to raise him up an enemy on the other side; and this enemy was no other than the once despised little Swiss Confederacy, a fact which of itself shows the changed position which it now held. Charles hated them with all his heart, and his blood ever boiled when he remembered how many nobles they had slain. Gladly would he have crushed out of existence these presumptuous serfs; but it was not so easy.

The Emperor Frederick III. had just refused to

constitute Burgundy a kingdom; and Sigismund, Duke of Austria, having been refused the hand of Mary, the daughter of Charles, was excited against him too; and so, with enemies all around, Charles began to consider how he could pacify some of them.

He sent therefore to the confederates that he much wished to be at peace with them, and would gladly right any wrongs of which they could complain.

But the Swiss were also courted by Louis, and had received valuable presents from him. So, although some of them were glad of this message of peace, there were others that took loftier ground; and in particular Berne and Soleure, which complained bitterly of the wrongs and injuries which they daily received from the bailiff Hagenbach.

Now this man was a great favourite with the duke; and as he knew full well that Charles only desired to gain the time, and that he had really no more friendly intentions towards the cantons than previously, he just continued to act

in the same insolent and violent manner as before.

So when the confederates complained, not only on their own behalf, but on that of their allies, the answer of this man to those free burghers who reckoned themselves almost the equals of the nobles, was more than once or twice: "By heaven! you villains, we will make you pass under the yoke."

This Von Hagenbach was himself a man of low birth, although raised and trusted implicitly by Charles, to whom alone he was faithful.

He, nevertheless, in this case proved a very unwise friend and servant; for his insolence and tyrannical acts of cruelty went to such a length, that he was soon as much hated as Gessler and the Landenbergs had been in the olden times, and came to be designated "the scourge of God."

He was ere long the cause of the breaking off of all the negotiations between the duke and the Swiss, by planting the colours of Burgundy on the free soil of Berne; inasmuch as this raised the public indignation to such a height, that the

Bernese who knew French better, and better understood the art of diplomacy than the other Swiss, were empowered by the confederates to treat with Louis of France, and as this negotiation ended in their going over to his side, all the hopes of Charles were at an end.

The Swiss had promised Louis not to fight for the duke; but they had not yet got rid of Hagenbach. Their next step was to send a highly respectable body of delegates up to Charles, to complain of the conduct of his vogt; but the rash and impetuous duke again injured his own cause by the manner in which he received them. He listened to none of their grievances, but treated the deputies with most offensive coldness, and after insisting on their going through the ceremony of falling on one knee before him, he dismissed them without any reply.

That decided the confederates to go over to the side of Charles' enemies; and then, one hundred and fifty-nine years after the battle of Morgarten, and eighty-nine years after the defeat of the Duke of Austria's grandfather at Sempach, the Swiss

applied to Sigismund of Austria for help, and entered with him into the "*eternal covenant,*" which has been observed with little interruption down to the present time.

And now the tyrant Hagenbach's time was almost come.

Still faithful to his master, he resolved to take measures to secure him the possession of these mortgaged territories. Accordingly, on Good Friday he entered the strong town of Breisach, at the head of some hundred Lombard troops, and after disturbing divine service, he committed so many acts of violence that a tumult was raised, his Lombards driven out of the town, and he himself taken prisoner in the name of Duke Sigismund.

In fact he was with difficulty rescued from the fury of the people and thrown into prison, while Sigismund sent a new vogt to replace him, and so regained his old inheritance without even drawing the sword.

In prison Hagenbach remained for four weeks, hoping that his old master would interfere to

save him, and lavishing promises to obtain his liberation.

The ungrateful duke, however, though he threatened, did not act, but left Hagenbach to his doom in order to have a pretext for revenge.

Four weeks did the wretched tyrant lie in prison, while delegates from all the mortgaged lands, and from the towns, assembled for his trial. In the cell where he lay he was often awakened from sleep by the clatter of various arrivals of troops in the city; and at length one day he was informed by his keeper that a troop of tall, strong, grey-headed strangers, coarsely clad, and indifferently mounted, had entered the gates. In great terror he exclaimed: "Those must be the Swiss! God help me; for they have much to bring against me!"

Nor were his fears groundless; he was soon brought to his trial, condemned, and executed amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd.

But his death was the signal for war. Charles swore he would rather lose his life than his revenge; and as soon as he was free from another

quarrel which then occupied him, hostilities were commenced, the Swiss having meantime strengthened themselves for the contest by forming various new alliances.

In this manner was the Swiss Confederation drawn into a war with one of the mightiest princes of Europe—a prince whose dominions stretched from the shores of the North Sea, over the best part of the Netherlands, and downwards over Burgundy and many other lordships. Their army consisted of 18,000 men; that of Charles numbered 60,000, and with camp followers amounted to 100,000; yet in the first engagement victory was on the Swiss side; and they afterwards wisely revived their old martial regulations, on account of disorders which had occurred.

But this was no struggle like the wars of former days. They fought very much for pay and plunder, though with great intrepidity, and were soon faithlessly forsaken by their ally the Emperor.

Then the city of Granson was besieged by the duke, and by treacherous measures induced to surrender. His councillors persuaded Charles to

make a terrible example; and he accordingly gave up the whole garrison to execution. With horrid barbarity many were stripped naked and hanged on trees at once, while the remainder were drowned in the lake next morning. But they met their fate with such silent intrepidity that the enemy were almost awed: and the fortunes of Charles sank from that hour.

The Swiss army, now 20,000 strong, heard the news of the massacre with indignant fury, and determined to avenge their comrades. This was the cause of the battle of Granson, in which the men of Schwitz once again distinguished themselves by leading the assault.

Having, by stratagem, allured the three times as numerous army from their well-chosen position, the vanguard advanced from Neufchâtel, and when the mists of morning had cleared saw their foe encamped in the valley beneath them. Then having first sent to hasten the march of the main body, the Swiss, according to their old custom, fell on their knees to pray.

The enemy, imagining that they were crying for

mercy from them, raised a shout of derision, and rushed forward. They were received on the Swiss spears, and a hot combat ensued. Twice had the Schwitzers nearly lost their banner, when on the height above appeared the whole main body of the confederates, who after discharging their pieces rushed down on the Burgundians in such force that a panic seized them; and they gave up the battle for lost and fled.

Charles himself attempted to rally the fugitives; but in vain. At length with only five companions he had to escape also, and make the best of his way through the nearest pass of the Jura.

It was a rich and splendid spoil that fell into the hands of the confederates. The duke's seal weighing a pound of gold, his decorated prayer-book, with treasures and valuables of all descriptions, were found in his camp, besides 120 pieces of ordnance, 600 standards, and about 18,000 pack-horses. Gold, too, was found and distributed by handfuls, and diamonds, which now adorn the crowns of the greatest princes of Europe, were then sold by the ignorant soldiery for mere trifles. But

Charles had not yet lost all heart. He rallied all his resources, and soon again took the field near Morat—only, however, to encounter another tremendous defeat, and once more to be compelled to flee.

This time he went without halting to Morges, and might have been pursued, as the Bernese wished he should; but the other confederates kept up their old custom, and renouncing all attempt at vengeance, returned to their homes.

Possibly the duke might then have recovered himself, and been restored to his ancient glory; but a fresh impulse seized him, and he now gave himself up to the guidance of a foolish favourite, Campo Basso, a Neapolitan; and trusting to his counsels, he went forward blindly to his own ruin.

The battle of Nancy followed, and seeing things going against him, the duke's really faithful servants urged retreat.

Campo Basso, however, at the outset gave contrary counsel, although on the enemy's charging he soon lost courage, and would even himself have faithlessly gone over to them, had they not in-

dignantly rejected him. Very soon Charles was left undefended; his troops fell all around or were scattered, and the poor duke, whilst himself trying to escape, was overtaken and killed.

After Charles' death, the States of Upper Burgundy proposed an alliance with the Swiss; but they feared too great an extension of the Confederation and declined the offer. And Louis, coveting that province (also called Franche Comté) for himself, bribed the Swiss to remain neutral.

Perceiving also the worth of the Swiss character, he took many of the men into his pay, and endeavoured to induce others to settle in his country.

From that time forward, Swiss valour was highly esteemed, but unhappily it grew to be a thing which could be bought; and the love of gold was eventually the ruin of the old Swiss virtue.

CHAPTER X.

THE APOSTLE OF SWITZERLAND.

ULRICH ZWINGLE'S BIRTHPLACE.—CHILDHOOD.—EDUCATION. — GRADUAL FINDING OF THE TRUTH. — HIS PASTORATES AT GLARUS, EINSEIDLEN, AND ZURICH. — HIS PREACHING AND SUCCESS.—THE PLAGUE.—ZWINGLE SICKENS.—HIS RECOVERY.—ATTACKS MADE UPON HIM.

A FEW years ago—and it is to be hoped that it is still standing—a cabin made of blackened wood was an object of interest to most visitors of a certain mountain valley on the eastern side of Switzerland. There were huge stones on the roof of that old dwelling, to preserve it from being torn off by the violence of the winds that often blow in that out-of-the-way region; and windows, composed of small round panes, plainly showed that the age of the cottage was considerable.

A shepherd-farmer who was also bailiff of the district was the master of that cottage; and he was a man much respected all round the country-side, who brought up his children with notions of truth and honesty rare enough in that, the darkest age of Europe.

This was Zwingle, of the ancient family of Zwingle, who belonged to a very primitive stock, untouched and untroubled in the olden time by invasions of Burgundians, Alemanni, or Frank, and unenlightened by any gleam of Christian light until those three Irish missionaries, of whom Gall was one, carried the glad tidings into the neighbourhood. Not, however, up to this Toggenburg valley, which lay embosomed in the mountains and 2000 feet above the lake of Zurich, did they reach until four centuries later still, when two hermits from his abbey penetrated its seclusion.

It was in the year 1484 that Margaret, Zwingle's wife, gave birth to her third and famous son Ulrich, just seven weeks after young Martin Luther had first seen the light.

And thus the man who was destined to do so

great a work was, like many another of God's heroes, trained in seclusion.

The story of his childhood is pleasant and picturesque. It seems to have been a happy gladsome time for him; and the young shepherd's early years form a strong contrast to those of his great contemporary.

One of a family of eight boys, all musicians in their way, he grew hardy and robust as he roamed amidst those hills where only mountain vegetation would grow, and every summer, with his father and brothers, followed the flocks to the higher pastures, or joined the rambles of the youth of the nearest village, Wildhaus, singing to his beloved lute, as the boys all did to their various rustic instruments.

And when autumn came, and the people all returned from the Alpine châlets, then young Ulrich had other pleasures; for he came of a patriotic clan who loved to tell old stories of how the Toggenburg had freed itself from tyrants, and of the feats performed by its ancient inhabitants, as they sat around their cottage hearths. And the boy loved to listen, and

drink in these tales. Yet were there others which still more attracted him; for Ulrich, like young Timothy, was taught the Scriptures in his youth by a dear old great-grandmother. And his eyes would sparkle as she told of the doings of the Bible heroes, and of the deliverances which in the olden times God had wrought for His people.

Thus was formed the joyous, earnest, truth-loving character of this leader of Switzerland's noble band of Reformers.

To tell the story of all that was done by them, and thus of the change from that awful death-like sleep of the fifteenth to the awakening of the sixteenth century, would be an impossibility here; and the more so because of the number of workers, and the number of places in which just at the same time the upheaving and the struggle for life began. But a little sketch of the career of this young shepherd, the force of whose character made him a sort of rallying-point for many a fellow-soldier, may serve to give some idea of the wonderful course of events in that most wonderful period.

Ulrich was a quick child; and his worthy father soon perceived that there was material in him which might be turned to better account than feeding sheep on the Toggenburg hills, so he placed him under the care of his uncle, the dean of Wesen, by whose advice, it seems, he was soon removed to Theodore College at Basle, and from thence in due time sent on to Berne.

There the Dominicans, who were then anxious to get clever young men into their order, attracted by his beautiful voice, and hearing of his talents, tempted him to enter their monastery and stay with them until old enough to enter his noviciate. From this great peril he was happily rescued by an order from his father, who knew too much of these monks, instantly to quit Berne, and proceed to Vienna for the study of Philosophy. So the child of the Toggenburg early saw something of the world. He was only eighteen when he returned to Basle and commenced the study of Theology, maintaining himself thenceforward by teaching, and soon obtaining his degree of Master of Arts.

Like most great men he had a vast power of work in him; and yet his joyous nature made him everywhere a favourite; while at Basle his enthusiastic love of music spread a taste for it throughout the university.

Here he formed a friendship with Leo Juda and Capito, two future reformers, and in common with them he enjoyed the benefit of the lectures of Thomas Wittembach, who soon after came to Basle, teaching that all the old scholastic theology was but waste of time, and that Christ's death is the only ransom for our souls.

The seeds of truth were thus sown, but it was some years before they took root in Zwingle's heart. He was made parish priest of Glarus at the invitation of the people, and went to his duties with a certain amount of zeal, although to a considerable extent he yielded to the loose ideas of morality common in those times.

Before long, however, the Glaronnais, who were a warlike people, marched against the French to defend the Pope in Italy; and Zwingle went with them as their military chaplain.

This seems to have been the turning-point in his life; for while in Italy he saw and heard of such abominations in the church, even in the very courts of the pontiff and his cardinals, that his old belief was shaken. He became restless and troubled in mind, feeling that he knew not where to look for truth.

So at last, putting aside all the objections of false theology and science, he became convinced that he must go to God's own Word for His truth, and to it alone. For that end he began to study Greek, that he might read it in the original, giving up commentaries as authorities, and reading them in the same spirit in which he would ask a friend, "How do you understand this?"

The issue of such a search could not be doubtful.

Not all at once, but gradually and steadily Zwingle came out into the light of day; and he seems to have passed through this great change of mind without any of the violent storms which Luther had to suffer, his free Swiss nature causing him to cast aside with ease all that tyranny of

MILAN.

church authority with which Rome usually so firmly binds her sons.

After this he was appointed priest and preacher at Einsiedlen, and in the three years of quiet in which he remained in that retired post he ardently pursued the study of the Bible, in common with other members of the monastery whose minds were similarly awakened. Indeed, it was in 1516, at Einsiedlen, with whose abbot the Schwitzers in past times had had such struggles, that Zwingle says he first really preached the gospel.

It is, however, with Zurich that we always connect his name; and he was removed to the old city in which he became so famous in the following way. Among the many friends attracted to him by the beauty of his character was Oswald Myconius, a fellow-student at Basle. Myconius left Basle in 1516, to superintend the cathedral school established seven centuries before in Zurich by Charlemagne. The school belonged to a college of canons, who in early times had been the teachers of the people; but when they grew luxurious and

idle they began to appoint a priest to do their work for them.

The post fell vacant soon after the arrival of Myconius, who, longing to see his friend in such a position of usefulness, got him to be a candidate for the post; and so in due time he was elected, though after a sharp contest, for the enemies of reform had taken the alarm.

Now Zwingle was popular, as I have said, wherever he went; for he had everything about him to win both admiration and love—a handsome personal appearance, great ability, vast capacity for enjoyment, warmth of temperament, and genial manners, united to a hearty sympathy with that republican form of government so dear to his countrymen.

His departure had been greatly mourned at Glarus, where they long kept the post open, in case he might wish to return; and now there was real sorrow at Einsiedlen too, because he was going to leave it.

It was in December, 1518, that he reached the cheerful and busy old city where the rest of his

life was passed, a city most beautifully situated, having above it an amphitheatre of hills covered with vineyards and pasture land, and at the summit, forests.

The canons at once assembled, and invited him to take his seat among them. Then they proceeded to give him careful information and many exhortations regarding the collection and increase of the cathedral funds, insisting that he must attend to these duties himself; but that for the preaching, he might employ a substitute.

Instead of taking this advice, Zwingle began a course of lectures on St. Matthew's gospel, and had a great crowd to hear him—a wonder in itself; for the avarice of the priests had so disgusted the people that, as a rule, public worship had been long deserted. Soon all Zurich rang with his praises, and "Glory be to God," was the cry; "this man will be our leader out of Egyptian darkness."

Nor were they disappointed. It was a laborious, loving ministry which he thus began, and one wisely conducted too. Zwingle, so genial with all, cared much for the young; and then sympathising

with the prejudices of his countrymen, he was in no hurry about outward changes, but laboured to instil truth, and to commend it by his life, and by his love and gentleness amidst all the insults and attacks of his enemies.

It was at this time that he began to study Hebrew; indeed, the quantity of work of various kinds that he accomplished is marvellous. His labours were not confined to Zurich. He longed to see the truth spread far and wide, and among other means which he tried, was the circulation of Luther's writings, by means of a hawker sent to him for that purpose by a friend in Basle. He was, moreover, ever the man to whom most of the reformers of other cities, whom God had now raised up in considerable numbers, turned for help and encouragement amidst the opposition which they had to encounter.

It was the arrival of an indulgence merchant, named Samson, who was pursuing his shameless career through Switzerland, just as Tetzel had done in Germany, that first seems to have forced Zwingle into what may be called controversial

preaching. At Schwitz and at Zug he heard of this man's filling his coffers with the spoils of rich and poor, as he cried out, "I deliver from the pains of purgatory and of hell all the souls of those who" do such and such things, and even pretending at times to see the souls flying out of purgatory, after money had been paid for their release. Many another besides Zwingle was disgusted at Samson's proceedings; and when the monk approached Zurich the pastor was determined to oppose him. Happily too, he was supported by the whole council; and this man's dismissal was really the first public action in support of reform. The Pope found it better to recall him; and when, preceded by a great waggon laden with his spoils, the impostor recrossed the pass of St. Gothard, there seemed some hope that the old spirit of honest independence was reviving in the land.

Soon after this the plague, or "Great Death," visited Switzerland.

Zwingle was recruiting at the baths of Pfeffers when he learnt that Zurich was attacked; and at once he hurried back to minister to the sick

and dying. It was not long before he was himself attacked, and crying out in his distress:

> "See, Satan's net,
> Is o'er me tost;
> I feel his hand,
> Must I be lost?"

The whole town was in an agony of grief; and day and night the believers cried to the Lord to have mercy. Nor in vain. There was much work yet for him to do, and he began to revive. With a weakened body and an enfeebled memory, but with also a far deeper view of eternal things, the reformer rose up again, and, when scarcely convalescent, resumed his labours among his beloved flock. At that time it is supposed there were not less than 2000 persons in Zurich who had, chiefly through his instrumentality, received the truth into their hearts.

Can we wonder when we hear of the glad tidings being carried far and wide by those who came into Zurich to hear him, and that stirred up by a visit from Zwingle, Capito began a similar work in Basle—can we wonder that there was

ZURICH.

great joy in the land in those days? "All Switzerland hears you," wrote Myconius: but all did not hear with friendly ears.

Many magistrates were won to the truth; and disgusted at the follies preached by the monks, they issued a decree ordering them to keep to the doctrine of the Bible. This was in 1520, and the monks, who knew nothing of the Bible, were both confounded and enraged.

Zwingle at once became the object of their attacks; but he was a bold man and a strong one, and thus he was able not only to stand his ground, but to encourage his much-tried friends: for instance, Berthold Haller at Berne, and Hedio at Basle.

Persecution even to death had then begun at Schaffhausen, where a poor old man was hunted down and beheaded because he would not renounce his faith; and at Lucerne, where Myconius now was, there was violent opposition.

The time soon came when Zwingle was to be the object of attack, and commissioners from the Bishop of Constance were sent with heavy charges

against those who were introducing changes. It was a time of great peril for the Reform, for Zwingle had enemies in the smaller council who allowed him to be condemned without a hearing; but, happily, the greater council insisted on the pastors being present; and Zwingle's reply was so utterly confounding that the attack passed over. Yet he was the object of plots of all kinds, and often received warnings to be armed, and to have strong bolts, and not to eat except of food prepared by his own cook.

Yet, notwithstanding all the fury of the enemy the new doctrines gained ground, and God continued to raise up faithful pastors in town after town, and in canton after canton.

All this time Zwingle had, strange to say, continued to observe fasts and to celebrate mass. But now multitudes began to demand the administration of the Lord's Supper in the primitive way, and there was great stir about church fasts, and the marriage of the clergy. Then some of the priests began to marry; and Zwingle, though he either weakly or from a mistaken prudence did

not make his marriage public for two years after, took a wife about this time.

The woman of his choice was Anna Rheinhardt, a widow, respected by all who knew her, one of his most attentive hearers, and the mother of a youth who had already become like an adopted son to him. He found in her a true helpmate during the remainder of his course. But if weak in concealing his marriage when marriage was still prohibited to the priesthood, Zwingle was even then meditating a step of great boldness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE REFORMATION.

THE AWAKENING OVER CHRISTENDOM. — MEETING OF PASTORS AT EINSIEDLEN.—TWO PETITIONS.—MEETING AT ZURICH.—PERSECUTION.—ZURICH SUMMONED TO GIVE UP ZWINGLE.—REFUSES.—ZWINGLE'S IMMENSE LABOURS.—THE WIRTHS.—MEETING OF LUTHER AND ZWINGLE AT MARBURG.—DECREE OF SPIRES, AND PROTEST AGAINST IT.

LUTHER a prisoner in the Wartburg, and many German exiles taking refuge in Zurich; while in some Swiss cities his brethren could hardly hold their ground; and yet Zwingle feels the time come for a decided step! Yes, for the Romish party were rallying their forces, and it was now, therefore, that the reformed must rally theirs. What a change had come over the countries of Christendom since the day when, only three years before

Luther affixed his theses to the wall, those poor Bohemian messengers, after journeying all through Europe in search of brethren with whom they could have fellowship, returned sorrowfully home, declaring that they could find none.

Instead of torpor, all was now strong excitement; instead of outward peace, it was struggle and contest everywhere—a struggle between light and darkness; and this juncture seemed a sort of crisis. Zwingle thought perhaps of the oath of Rutli, and of the meeting of those thirty confederates which issued in such great things. He felt that there must be union among the pastors, and that each man must stand to his colours.

So, fixing on Einsiedlen, where his old friend Leo Juda was labouring, he summoned all the reformed pastors thither, knowing that since his own ministry truth had flourished there.

They readily obeyed his summons, and came over mountains, through forests, and across lakes, to this rendezvous; and there they took counsel, and, at Zwingle's suggestion, drew up and signed two petitions—the one to the bishop and the

other to the confederation. The contents of each were much the same—the demands being, first, for full liberty for the preaching of the gospel; and secondly, for the abolition of the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, the cause of so much evil and crime.

Prayerfully were these documents drawn up, presented, placarded on the doors of the bishop's palace and of the national council; and then circulated for signature far and wide. The step was taken in simple faith, and with a holy courage these noble-hearted men awaited the result. But a desperate struggle was before them, for the yoke from which they sought to free themselves was both heavy and of long standing; moreover, this step brought matters to a point.

To his old friend, Oswald Myconius, at Lucerne, Zwingle had sent a copy of the petition, and it was quickly multiplied and circulated, with perhaps too little of caution, both by Myconius and his friends; for Lucerne had not been won for the truth. A violent opposition was raised, and Myconius soon found himself dismissed from his post,

and with his sick wife forced to leave that city, which has continued Romish to this day.

Zurich, however, stood by its pastor, and after a while the Pope, determined to overcome by some means, fair or foul, the man whose influence was so enormous, condescended to try bribery, and sent an emissary named Zink to offer him anything he chose to ask short of the Papacy. Such offers, however, it may be presumed, were hardly temptations to a man of his stamp. But, in fact, the armoury of Rome in those days was somewhat deficient, for she had not then the accomplished controversialists of which she has boasted in modern times; and more than once, in public disputation, did her bishops and other dignitaries altogether decline to enter the lists with their opponents.

This was notably the case in a large assembly of 900 persons held about this time in the town-hall of Zurich, "a meeting," as Zwingle declared, "of the church of Zurich," which, he said, "had a right to order all things conformably with Holy Scripture."

Thus image worship and the mass were freely

discussed, and the reformation of abuses, including an authorised pulling down of images, followed. Zwingle had always set himself against any defacing of churches without such authority. He wished, he said, to build up, not to throw down; and now, having the support of his two friends, Leo Juda and Myconius, who had posts then at Zurich, he went on steadily, setting all things in order, withdrawing Zurich from under the rule of the Bishop of Constance, separating it from the Romish hierarchy, and in reality laying the foundation of that Presbyterian system which has continued to prevail in Protestant Switzerland to this day.

Zurich was then the stronghold of the reform; but she was soon left almost alone. The diet met at Lucerne. The clergy made strenuous efforts to gain the council over to their side. Some cantons were for them, others undecided; but at length, all, except Zurich, agreed to the passing of a law forbidding the people to speak of or preach any Lutheran doctrine, or even to discuss such matters. This, then, was the beginning of a regu-

larly organised persecution. A poor Zuricher who had pulled down images was the first victim. He was seized by a bailiff near Coblentz, taken first to Baden for trial, and as no one would condemn him there, to the diet sitting at Lucerne, when he was soon condemned to be beheaded. He suffered meekly amidst weeping spectators.

The next step was to send a message to Zurich, summoning it to give up Zwingle and return to the Romish faith. But Zurich gave a noble answer, refusing to make any concessions, and proceeding immediately to prohibit processions, and, in particular, an annual one to the shrine of the Virgin at Einsiedlen. Then the relics were buried and the images straightway removed from the churches. Further, and which in this day seems a pity, because organs had been connected with idolatry, they also were removed; and, lastly, a baptismal service was drawn up free from everything unscriptural.

All these changes had been approved by the old burgomaster Roust, and his colleague, who had gone heart and soul into the reforms, and who

departed in peace about this time. It was not in the city alone, however, that all these changes were carried out. The whole canton followed its lead, and the peasants resolutely supported their leaders. Meantime, Switzerland's great apostle, animated by the spirit of his master, continued in labours most abundant; having in a sense, like St. Paul, the care of all the churches, the responsibility of public affairs, and the anxieties of the whole struggle on his shoulders, while those suffering from persecution looked to him for help and sympathy.

Day by day the opposition increased. The Pope demanded summary action; and several of the other states, finding Zurich firm, refused to sit in the diet with her.

About the country, here and there one and another was seized, and forced to abjure or seal his faith with his blood; and much suffering had to be borne by the believers.

There was one case of singular violence, which must be told here.

Schwitz had set itself against the gospel since

Zwingle's strong opposition to aggressive warfare; and now Am-Berg, one of its bailiffs, seized on a friend of Zwingle's, named Œxlin, pastor of Burg, which was not in his district, knocking at his house in the dead of night, and forcibly carrying him off. His cries of "Murder!" roused the village, which soon became a scene of tumult. The tocsin was rung, the alarm-gun fired, and the people of other villages rose too, asking each other what was the matter.

Amongst others Wirth, the excellent deputy-bailiff of Stammerhein, with his two sons, both pious young priests, rose to follow the people; and when they learnt that the pastor Œxlin was in danger, each of the young men seized a halberd. The bailiff Rutimann also went with them.

So, through the darkness of the night, the throng of people pressed on after the pastor and his captors; and, unhappily, on their road they had to pass a Carthusian convent, whose monks they were told had encouraged Am-berg in his violent action. This convent then the peasants attacked, and broke into, committing, to

the great grief of the Wirths, many riotous actions.

Zurich, on hearing what was going on, instantly sent orders for all its people to return home, which they accordingly did. No one there thought of suspecting either Rutimann or the Wirths of any improper action—the latter family especially being universally revered for their well-known excellence.

But the diet then sitting at Zug, knowing their adherence to the reform movement, eagerly seized the opportunity for striking a blow, and therefore sent to demand that they should be given up for trial. Zurich replied, that to themselves belonged the right to examine their own people; and accordingly the four men were apprehended and examined, but nothing blameworthy found against them. The demand was repeated: they must be sent to Baden for trial, or an army would march on Zurich.

The whole city was agitated, and opinions divided; but Zwingle declared for refusal. Nevertheless fear prevailed; and, on condition that they

were to be examined not on their faith but on their share in this riot, they were at length given up, and accompanied by four councillors of state and some armed men, they marched away from Zurich amidst the tears of the people, and followed by the poor wife of the elder Wirth.

An immense crowd waited for them at Baden; and next morning they were brought in for examination, the father first, who, in spite of his age and character, was for hours subjected to the cruellest tortures; then the sons, who were treated in like manner. Nothing could be proved against either of them; yet their judges insisted that they had destroyed some images, and being resolved on their death soon passed sentence on the bailiff Rutimann and on Wirth and his eldest son, the younger being granted to the mother's tears. They were led to the scaffold, and all three beheaded, amidst loud expressions of grief from the people. As a last act of brutality the poor widow was forced to pay the executioner for his bloody work.

Instead, however, of intimidating the Zurichers, these savage executions seemed to give them fresh

resolution. And they were immediately followed by the entire suppression of the mass, and by three most solemn celebrations of the Lord's Supper, at which many reconciliations took place, and a real, brotherly feeling was manifested.

But we must pass on more rapidly.

Troubles of another kind followed. The fanatical sect of the Anabaptists sprang up; their acts of insane folly and riot brought scandal on the cause of Protestantism, and caused not only dismay but terror among sober people.

Zwingle's voice was still against anything like persecution; but the Zurich magistrates were in spite of him hurried into one or two unjustifiable executions in their anxiety to restore order.

Then again, between the reformers of Germany and Switzerland a most unhappy difference had arisen on the nature of the Lord's Supper; the teaching of the two great leaders differing on this matter.

Luther, who had given up the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, or the *change* of the bread and wine into the body and blood of the Lord, still maintained that there is a presence other

than the spiritual one promised to believers, while Zwingle insisted that the institution is commemorative only.

Zwingle, however, shrank from any separation from his revered brother in Christ; but Luther had no such feeling. His conviction was very strong in the matter; and his condemnation of those who differed from him equally so. It was Carlstadt, however, one of the least wise of the reformers, and a great partisan of Luther's, who, by his violent writings, at length brought matters to an open rupture. For Zwingle unfortunately felt himself bound to reply to his works, the sale of which the council of Zurich had, for the sake of peace, forbidden. Thus it grew into a regular controversy, to the great grief of moderate people, but of course to the joy of their enemy. The Strasburg reformers then stepped in, and strove hard to keep the peace between the parties, maintaining that it was a war of words alone; and they sent a deputation to Luther, warning him not to snap the bonds of love. But when even the learned Œcolampadius publicly expressed his sym-

pathy with Zwingle, there was a great sensation. Yet Zwingle himself felt that for the sake of the progress of the work, union was of the utmost importance; and in his "Friendly Exposition" he had mildly replied to Luther's views. But Luther, entirely convinced of the truth of his own notion, answered in his blunt way, "Cursed be this concord! cursed be this charity! Down, down with it to the bottomless pit of hell!"

This and much more biting language piqued Zwingle, as surely it could not but do; and he began to assume in his answer a cold haughty calmness, not calculated to promote love; and so the controversy went on, to the great distress of the landgrave, Philip of Hesse, who declared that in reality both parties meant the same thing, and that if they could but be brought face to face to talk it out, they would soon come to an understanding.

So he invited them to a meeting at Marburg to hold a public conference; and Zwingle, full of brotherly yearnings towards Luther, was eager to accept the invitation; but as the road lay through

the territories of the Emperor, now a declared enemy of the reformers, and also through the states of other hostile princes, the council of Zurich positively refused to allow him to leave the city. But pressing messages continued to come from the landgrave; and so, without even telling his wife where he was going, he quitted his house by night, mounted a horse hired for the purpose, and accompanied only by Collins, the Greek professor, rode off rapidly in the direction of Basle. There Œcolampadius and several merchants were ready to accompany him; and embarking on the river, they reached Strasburg in thirteen hours. From thence they were escorted by forty Hessian cavaliers by secret by-roads over mountains and valleys, through forests, until they reached Marburg in safety.

Luther, on the contrary, not desiring the meeting, was very loath to go, and saw all sorts of conspiracies and dangers on the road; but at length, finding no way of excusing himself, he set out, accompanied by Melancthon, Jonas, and Cruciger; but on the Hessian frontier he insisted on

stopping until he had a safe-conduct from the landgrave.

Both parties were sent for as soon as they arrived, lodged in the castle, and splendidly entertained by Philip, who used all sorts of manœuvres to bring them all to a proper brotherly feeling. Zwingle and Luther must not be thrown together at first, because both had warm tempers, and were given to using strong words; but Œcolampadius and Melancthon being mild and gentle, must respectively engage one of these chiefs; and so, two and two, they were closeted together. Warm discussions thus went on upon the various points, on which the Lutherans and Zwinglians were not entirely agreed, as baptism, original sin, the authority of councils; and, above all, the Lord's Supper.

Œcolampadius could make nothing of Luther, who maintained his dogged positiveness throughout; but, on the other hand, Melancthon found Zwingle so moderate that he believed that he had gained him over, so careful was he to word all his statements so as to give the least offence.

Then came the general conference, at which princes, nobles, and theologians alone were present. It was held in the Knights' Hall, and the landgrave presided, appearing in a very plain dress; while Luther, Zwingle, Melancthon, and Œcolampadius sat at a table before him, having their friends behind them.

Luther began by writing with chalk on the velvet tablecloth the four words "Hoc est corpus meum," and he obstinately repeated them at every turn throughout the conference; while to Zwingle's argument that there are many figures in the Bible, he did but affirm that this was not one. He indeed began by strongly protesting his disagreement with the Swiss, and such was his obstinacy, that his opponent was several times provoked to great heat, in spite of himself and his wish for peace. At one point, indeed, Zwingle was so overcome that he burst into tears.

At length, it being found useless to continue the discussion, at a final interview Zwingle said, "Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree; and as for the rest, let us remember

that we are brothers." "Yes, yes, you agree! Give them a testimony of your unity, and recognise one another as brothers," exclaimed the landgrave.

Zwingle and his friends declared that with none on earth did they more desire union; and, once more bursting into tears, Zwingle approached Luther, and offered his hand.

But it was rejected. "You have a different spirit to ours; that you wish to consider me as your brother shows that you do not attach much importance to your doctrine," said Luther.

The landgrave was highly indignant, and the Hessian doctors, uniting their efforts with his, Luther was at last staggered, and turning to the Swiss, said, "We acknowledge you as friends, but not as brothers."

This was too much; yet, in the fulness of their hearts, the Swiss said one to another, "Let us avoid harsh words." And at length Luther said, "We consent, and I offer you the hand of peace and charity."

The Swiss rushed forward, and eagerly wrung the German hands; and Luther, now a little softened,

remarked, "Assuredly a great portion of the scandal is taken away by the suppression of our fierce debates; we could not have hoped for so much. If we persevere in prayer, brotherhood will come."

Finally the conference ended by Luther's being requested to draw up articles of faith to be agreed to by all, and by his actually framing some which granted what the Swiss asked—unity in diversity on minor points—and by these articles being, as a fact, signed by both parties.

So, indeed a step was gained, and it was time; for not only had the sweating sickness broken out in Marburg, which made every one anxious to leave the city, but the Protestant faith was about to be subjected to most violent attacks.

In the scene just described Luther showed his very worst side; yet, in spite of all his roughness and doggedness, the German reformer had already declared against persecution for conscience' sake, at least so far as life was concerned. He said, "It is sufficient to remove the false teachers." He was therefore one of the first to declare in favour of liberty of conscience.

Emperors and kings, however, thought very differently. Charles V. had already determined to exterminate the reformed, and Ferdinand of Spain had declared that nothing but submission remained to them.

This was in the Second Diet of Spires; and it was now to be seen what the reformed princes would do, and how they would stand their ground.

What they did do after deliberating and consulting together was to protest against the decree and to reject it. We write these words quietly enough now, but who can tell the weight of anxiety which pressed on those who had to take their stand as protectors of the servants of God, and who in doing so framed a document known as "The Protest," which was the origin of our word Protestants!

These men knew very well that the proclamation of this protest might be followed by the march of armies into their territories, and the shedding of rivers of blood.

Little indeed can we in these days realise the excitement and anxiety of those stirring times!

And almost impossible is it to form a really fair and candid judgment of the actions of the men who then played prominent parts in this wondrous movement of reform; but that there ought to have been no disunion amongst those who had so stirred the foul and stagnant waters of Christendom it is easy to perceive.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WAR OF RELIGION.

DEPARTURE OF PROTESTANT PRINCES FROM SPIRES.—DIET OF AUGSBURG.—CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG.—CONFERENCE AT BADEN.—PERSECUTING ALLIANCE BETWEEN POPE AND EMPEROR.—THE WALDSTATTEN TAKE ROMISH SIDE AND PERSECUTE.—ZWINGLE ADVOCATES WAR FOR DEFENCE OF THE TRUTH.—ZURICH ATTACKED BY WALDSTATTEN.—BATTLE OF CAPPEL.—DEATH OF ZWINGLE.

THE "Protest of Spires" bears date April 19th, 1529.

Next day the Protestant princes and their friends left the city. They had at once to think of defending themselves, and of maintaining the protest which they had made. Luther, however, was continually saying to the Elector: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved."

He would hear of no alliances; but the Land-

grave of Hesse, conjecturing that this was because of the Zwinglians, had arranged that conference which has been described a few pages back.

Both Luther and Zwingle left Marburg greatly depressed, Zwingle writing to the landgrave, "Lutheranism will lie as heavy upon us as Popery;" and Luther on re-entering Wittenburg, flinging himself into the arms of his friends, "tormented by the angel of death."

News also soon spread far and wide which caused the greatest alarm. The Emperor Charles V., it was said, had landed at Genoa with a great army to enforce the recent decree. He was really going to visit the Pope, and discuss with him this Reformation; but he had not yet made up his mind on the course which it would be most politic to pursue.

Intensely irritated by the Protest, he was yet, for his own reasons, inclined first to try conciliation; but when the diet met next year at Augsburg, and the princes again showed the same resolution, declining to prohibit the preaching of the Gospel or to join him in a grand procession

called "The Procession of Corpus Christi," he was exasperated almost beyond bounds.

It was at this diet that another famous day in the history of this great struggle occurred; for then the Protestant princes, accused of all kinds of errors, desired, and with difficulty obtained, leave to draw up and read before the Emperor and in a public assembly, the famous Confession of Augsburg.

This was on the 30th of June, 1530, only nine years after Luther had been alone before the Diet of Worms; and now electors, princes, and the representatives of cities stood up to declare their faith—so rapidly had the Word of God spread and prospered.

This great confession, however, was chiefly a German act; any alliance with the Swiss was avoided on this occasion as likely to damage their cause. Yet Bucer arrived in the city two days before its delivery, and Capito the next day. The Swiss also were anxious to be heard; and accordingly Bucer had prepared what he entitled the Tetrapolitan (or four cities') Confession; and the

deputies of these four cities, Strasburg, Constance, Memmingen, and Lindau presented it to the Emperor; while Zwingle about the same time caused a confession of his own also to be laid before him.

The question of that day was whether these confessions would be in any way accepted; and any concessions thus obtained for the reformed? The anxiety therefore felt was intense. Would there be war or peace? would the threats of expulsion from his small dominion be carried out as regarded John, the Elector, surnamed The Persevering? Would the spirit of the faithful Philip of Hesse be broken? Would the Swiss cities be ravaged? These were the thoughts that filled all minds.

The Emperor was determined that none of the princes should quit Augsburg until such time as he had gained his point; his guards therefore occupied the gates, yet dreading lest any of them should escape, Charles summoned them while still slumbering one morning to meet him at the Hall of the Chapter.

Assembled there, the alternative of instant submission or of extreme measures towards them and their subjects was offered them. Resolute not to yield, these noble men yet requested a few minutes to prepare their answer, and retired.

It was during their absence that a circumstance was discovered, which, greatly as it alarmed them all at the first, really changed the whole face of affairs. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, attended only by five or six horsemen, had left the city undiscovered on the previous night; and as soon as his absence was known, the vision of this brave man at the head of an army returning rapidly upon the city, seemed to present itself to the minds of the Emperor and his friends and to paralyse them all; and so for that time the threatened war was changed into peace.

Our present concern is, however, with Switzerland, and indeed only with Zwingle and Zurich, to which it is time to hasten back.

Zurich was, notwithstanding, even now ceasing to be the centre of the movement. Indeed from the year 1526 it had spread onwards from Berne,

where Haller had long been working. A great disputation had been held there, in which the Bible was taken as the sole rule; and this Council of Berne had decided for the Gospel.

Zwingle had been summoned to it, and had helped on this great occasion too. And his heart was now made glad by a movement and a determined stand for the truth in the Tockenburg—his childhood's home, and amongst his own people.

It spread to the Grisons too; and there a pastor named Comander was enabled to do so great a work that the Mass was abolished, and complete liberty of conscience proclaimed.

This was all in what may be called Zwingle's side of the country and German Switzerland. It was his heart's desire, and the aim of his life, that the Gospel might be freely preached throughout the land. But in French Switzerland, where a little later the Reform began, he was not the moving spirit. There Frenchmen did the work; and William Farel first, and then Calvin, soon showed themselves giants in this holy war. Time would

fail to tell of them and their labours; but our great hero's story must be brought to an end.

Just then, when all that was good seemed marching onwards, Rome again took the alarm. It must have a conference in some city of its own, and Zwingle must go to Baden and contend with Doctor Eck. Zwingle, however, objected to go to the very city where the Wirths were murdered; and, moreover, the Council of Zurich forbade him. For two good pastors had at Lindau and at Friburg been called to suffer death for Christ's sake just about that time; and it was in all men's mouths that Zwingle was to be waylaid. So Œcolampadius was the champion on that occasion, helped and strengthened by Zwingle, to whom a report of all that was said was carried each day, and his answers then carried back.

Five cantons still remained determinately Romish; and amongst them the old Waldstätten, wondrously and sadly changed since the days of William Tell. These cantons now rose, and, strange to say, so intimidated Berne that they obtained from it a decree which satisfied them.

LAKE OF BRIENZ IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

The danger was coming closer; for a civil religious war was threatening. Zwingle saw this, and having led his countrymen out of so much darkness and spiritual oppression, he did not step aside, as many of his best friends would have wished, and as Luther would have done, leaving those to whom the sword appertained to wield it; but he kept his foremost place; he kept the civil as well as the religious leadership, and thus sadly compromised his character as a minister of the Gospel of peace.

The Emperor had formed an alliance with the Pope; and the Forest Cantons were ready to call in Austrian help to crush out the liberties of Switzerland, and the Gospel which had been making her so free. There remained nothing, he thought, but to form alliances against them, and to unite for the protection of the oppressed.

Can it be said that he was wrong?

The Waldstätten were torturing and fining and committing to prison and death all the poor believers whom they could catch in the country

around. Should Zurich stand by and see these things done?

It would have been well if Zwingle had left the settlement of this question to other men! But he did not. He took the lead in all these councils, and urgently advised war. The city of Berne shrank back, and said, "Let us rather first close our markets against these five cantons; and let us not be the first to draw the sword." Zwingle answered, that such a measure would but punish the innocent children, give the men time to arm, and provoke them to attack. But his advice was not taken. The counsel of Berne prevailed; and the five cantons were placed in a state of blockade.

Of course dreadful distress and great indignation were the consequences. And now there arose discontent in Zurich; and many began to point out Zwingle as the cause of all the troubles.

Then, still thoroughly convinced that his countrymen were rejecting in his advice the only means of safety, and yet holding him responsible for every trouble, he went heartbroken to the council, and, bathed in tears, demanded his dismission.

At once the murmurers were silenced; the old feelings of affection revived towards him, and at the end of three days spent by Zwingle in agony of mind, he consented to remain and labour for the public safety until death.

The Zurichers were in a miserable state of apprehension at this crisis; and there were tales of omens and frightful signs everywhere. Opinions were divided; and the people, once so strong and united, now distrusted one another.

Meanwhile, the five cantons held a diet at Lucerne, called in the Pope's troops to their aid, and with great secrecy prepared to attack; while still in Zurich there was a fatal inactivity and blindness to the greatness of the danger.

Zwingle was in the pulpit for the last time on October 9th, when a messenger from the enemy arrived, demanding letters of perpetual alliance; and while others saw in this only a trick, he discerned the peril.

In truth the Waldstätten were sending their manifestoes everywhere; and the country people

began crowding into Zurich. It was as Zwingle had foreseen—they had had time to arm.

Still Zurich was infatuated, and not until the foe had seized on one of their villages did it take alarm. At length, at seven in the evening, the tocsin began to ring; and all through a stormy night, on which an earthquake occurred, the people ran to arms. The Council, which had so long delayed, now began to call eagerly for help, and to entreat it from allied cities.

Some of the troops, hastily called out, at last rushed away to meet the foe, without waiting for the administration of the usual oath; and called upon by the Council to go with the army as its chaplain, Zwingle without hesitation armed himself, and, taking leave of his weeping wife and children, sadly mounted his horse and rode away, feeling sure, as he had said some days before, that he was to be the first victim.

Many pastors were in the battle that soon took place on the fields of Cappel, for most of them had accompanied their flocks; and twenty-five of them were in a brief space numbered with the dead.

At the first encounter the Zurichers had repulsed their assailants; but the whole army of the enemy, preceded by their five banners, soon advanced upon them, and then terrible was the slaughter that ensued.

Anna Zwingle's son, Gerold Meyer, was one of the first to fall; and almost at the beginning of the action, Zwingle, helmet on head and battle-axe in hand, was stooping to console a dying man when a stone struck him on the head and closed his lips. He rose again, but was struck by two more blows, then by a thrust from a lance, which caused him to stagger, and fall on his knees. "What matters this misfortune? they may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul," he said, and spoke no more.

Under a tree, long known as Zwingle's Pear Tree,* he lay on his back, with clasped hands and eyes turned upward to heaven, until one of the furious Waldstätten, who were everywhere torturing and plundering the dying, approached, and hearing

* This tree having perished, a rock with a suitable inscription is placed there instead.

a comrade say that it was Zwingle, struck him on the throat with a sword, crying, "Die, obstinate heretic, die;" and then the great Swiss reformer yielded up the ghost.

In the morning, when his corpse was discovered, a mock trial was held over the body by the enraged conquerors; and it was condemned to be quartered for treason, and burnt for heresy, which sentence was carried out.

The men of Zurich had been too confident; they had not expected a defeat, but had disdainfully said that "they would soon be masters of the *Five Chalets*."

Bitter, then, and loud was the cry when the dreadful disaster was known; and a mad and melancholy crowd assembled in the streets, declaring that there were traitors amongst the councillors, nay, even amongst the pastors. They raged against Zwingle; they would have murdered Leo Juda, who remained in the city, had not some of his friends hidden him.

The worst of the people were abroad, and nothing could appease them, until suddenly the

thought of their own private losses seemed to seize the mob. Then sobs succeeded to fury, and with lamps and torches many went forth to learn the truth.

Poor Anna Zwingle sat watching and praying through the darkness. Besides her husband, her son Gerold, her brother, her brother-in-law, and her son-in-law were in that fatal battle; and after the cry of "Zwingle is dead, Zwingle is dead," there came to her successively the news that every one of these had fallen. And then with the morning light came the news of the disgraceful treatment of Zwingle's body.

Another defeat at Zug followed; and it seemed at first as if everything were lost to the Reformation. Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand thought so; but they were mistaken. Zurich made terms at length with the Waldstätten. It had retained the Gospel, though it had lost all else. In many places Popery was restored; and before long Œcolampadius, crushed with all these sorrows, departed to his rest.

But better things were in store for Zurich, and

crushed and stricken, it gladly received the young Henry Bullinger into Zwingle's place. He adopted his children, and built up the church over which for forty years he presided, a worthy successor of Switzerland's great apostle.

The battle of Cappel was fought in 1531, while Henry VIII. was reigning in England; and several years before the death of that monarch the Reformation was firmly established in many of the Swiss cantons; and during the terrible persecutions in France and Savoy, these made many attempts to procure some liberty for the sufferers in those countries, though without much success.

Both Geneva and Zurich also became cities of refuge for French, Italians, and English, who were forced to flee from their native lands on account of their faith.

The first edition of the English Bible was printed in Zurich in 1535.

CHAPTER XIII.

BASLE AND GENEVA.

BASLE AND ITS GREAT MEN. — VARIOUS KINDS OF GOVERNMENT IN OTHER CANTONS.—GENEVA.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.—CALVIN.—LATER HISTORY.

WHEN we consider the variety of governments under which, even to the 16th and 17th centuries, the Swiss people lived, and the different languages spoken by the inhabitants of its several districts, it seems somewhat strange that any one name should have linked them together; while the tie of brotherhood, which always appears to have been recognised, is almost a puzzle. Evidently the bond must have been one of ancient date, and formed, either in old Helvetian or in Roman times, before those three great invading tribes came to break up the nation's unity, and well-nigh make the people

forget that once the whole of Helvetia acknowledged an emperor of Rome as its head.

But, however that may be, it is quite certain that neither nowadays, nor for ages past, would any one ruler have been accepted by the different cantons, nor would any one of them give up the right to govern itself, although for the common safety they are confederate, and have at Berne a general meeting of the confederation; and although, for the matter of that, a Swiss is a Swiss all the world over, from whatever part of Switzerland he comes.

Hitherto Zurich, the oldest of all the great cities, and a German-speaking one, has had the chief share of our attention; and now passing round westward we come to the next oldest town, namely, Basle, and must give a few pages to it; for with it, too, a great deal of interest is connected. The city stands on the very confines of France and Germany, and both languages are spoken there. It is situated on the Rhine, and in very early times it grew to be flourishing, wealthy, and important.

It was this city which, on receiving the news of

BASLE.

Count Rudolph's elevation to the imperial throne, opened its gates, which had been before closed against him, and welcomed him into the town.

It was this city, too, which was spared by one of his descendants, because he heard that an earthquake and a fire had destroyed the greater part of it, and would not attack people in such distress. And it was this same city which defended itself against the Armagnac troops in the pay of France with such desperate bravery that the French King, after the contest, sought its alliance.

Situated thus on the very edge of both France and Germany, the University of Basle has had great advantages, and is one of the most ancient and famous in the country. In very early reformation times it was so renowned that it attracted Erasmus of Rotterdam, from his professorship at Cambridge, and the German Œcolampadius, too, whom Dr. Mosheim calls one of the most learned men of his century, and to whose patient teaching and gentle and moderate temper was owing, as many think, the taking root of the reformed doctrines in Switzerland.

Basle, also, has the honour of having produced the great painter, Holbein, who was not only a native of the city, but actually living and painting there at the time when Erasmus and Œcolampadius were amongst its professors.

Indeed, it is said that Erasmus, having seen some comic sketches of Holbein's on the margin of Müller's "Eulogium of Folly," then so famous, foresaw his future fame, and gave him a letter to his friend, Sir Thomas More, who presented him to Henry VIII. Erasmus himself found a good immortaliser of his own features in this great painter, of whom Basle continues to be very proud.

Holbein was himself the son of a painter, and might probably have had a much longer struggle for a living and for fame had not Erasmus taken him up. Yet one of his first attentions was a somewhat mischievous sally. For one of these marginal sketches was a representation of a tipsy, gross-looking fellow, who had by his side several emblems of a bacchanalian character. It was not to be supposed that Holbein

intended thus to depict himself, though he is said to have been a lover of the bottle; yet underneath, in the handwriting of Erasmus, is inscribed the word Holbein.

Many of this painter's best works are still to be found in his native city, and amongst them a likeness of himself in crayons, representing him as a very handsome man, together with a portrait of his wife, who seems to have been as plain as he was good looking. There is also here a picture containing portraits of Sir Thomas More's family.

The famous "Dance of Death" was on the walls of a cemetery in this city.

In our own times Basle has, among its other good things, an excellent Protestant missionary college, which has trained many a young man for the work of preaching the Gospel among the heathen, and its name is well known to most lovers of missions.

In 1445 all the nobles were expelled from this city, and the governing council was afterwards composed of representatives of the burgher class, even the meanest of these being eligible to the

first office in the state. Once every year all the citizens met and took an oath to maintain the laws; and even as late as 1690 there were instances of the deposition of senators for abuse of power. The city ruled the canton, and the citizens were most rigid in excluding all strangers from their privileges.

Specimens of all kinds of government were to be found in the old confederation of Switzerland, which, up to the French invasion, consisted of thirteen cantons. Four cantons were governed by self-elected oligarchies, namely, Berne, Freyburg, Lucerne, and Soleure; and of these Berne was the most wisely and steadily managed. From the end of the 13th century, in fact, it was the great governing body in the country.

Then there were municipal governments, resembling the Italian middle-age republics, in which the chief citizens of the principal towns elected the legislature. Zurich, Basle, and Schaffhausen belonged to this class. As for the remaining cantons, the Waldstätten, Zug, Glaris, and Appenzell, they were, and still are, pure democracies, all

the males over sixteen assembling in their landsgemeinde, or parliament, for legislative purposes once a year or oftener, and in the open field. They had also a sort of extempore jury, consisting of the first seven competent persons met by the "gross weibel," or lieutenant of police, and summoned by him, on receiving any complaint, to hear and judge the case on the spot. But their jurisdiction was a limited one only.

This old confederation, however, had its allies—the Grisons were such, and the Valais, and the principality of Neufchâtel, as well as the republic of Geneva, of whose history this is the most suitable place to give a little sketch.

The great city of Geneva had once no connection with Switzerland. In the 16th century she became an ally, but not till after the French Revolution was she received into the confederation.

In early times Geneva, like some other cities, was governed by its own bishop, who was a prince of the empire, whilst its counts administered justice. Then, in the 15th century, a count of

Savoy, Amadeus V., stepped in, and entered into alliance with the Genevese, promising to defend them from the bishop's tyranny. He was accordingly appointed Vidomne, or administrator, with the bishop's consent, and on condition of considering himself his vassal.

But gradually the power of these counts of Savoy grew, until one of them, Charles III., who had been created a duke, became so aspiring and ambitious that the citizens took alarm, and turned to their neighbours the Swiss for help; and on this Berne and Freyburg warmly responded, and became their allies.

This was at the period of the Reformation, and when Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, had begun to preach in favour of the reformed doctrines, being also a champion of civil liberty.

In the neighbourhood of Geneva there were some knights, known by the name of "Knights of the Spoon," because they had boasted that they would hew down the Genevese and cut them into such small pieces that they could eat them with their spoons. These knights now joined with the

Duke of Savoy, and they put Geneva into a state of siege. The city was soon reduced to great distress, and at length her allies, after fruitless negotiations, resolved to march an army to her relief. Accordingly John D'Erlach headed the Bernese force, which was joined by the Freyburgers; and when they had taken many castles, and other cantons had joined in mediating a peace, the duke was brought to consent to terms, most of which, however, he neglected to fulfil; and, amongst other things, he did not, as he had promised, release Prior Bonnivard, whom he had seized and imprisoned.

This unfortunate man is he whom Byron has immortalised in his "Prisoner of Chillon." He was the prisoner of Chillon.

For six long years did that poor man remain in the dungeons of that castle, below the level of the beautiful Lake of Geneva, and chained to a pillar,

> "Until his very steps have left a place,
> Worn, as if that cold pavement were a sod."

Whilst he was there it is said that a young man, named Cotier, to whom he had shown kindness,

contrived to get hired as a servant to the governor of the castle, the Count of Beaufort, some remote connection of our own earls of Beaufort, in the hope of helping Bonnivard; and he soon contrived to communicate with the prisoner. But after a time this intercourse was discovered, on which he was himself confined in the next cell to the prior. However he managed to cut through his iron chain, and then joyfully declared to Bonnivard that he would yet rescue him. He worked his body through a loophole, expecting to fall into the water and swim to shore; but there were beneath great pointed rocks, on which he was unhappily dashed to pieces.

Two months after that, D'Erlach marched into Geneva and took the castle of Chillon, in the dungeon of which was found poor Bonnivard.

A great change had come over the city since he last saw it; for whilst he had been in that deep solitude, Farel, a native of Dauphiné, had zealously preached there the reformed doctrines, and had made many converts. This had caused a division among their allies; for Freyburg being Romish,

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

declared that it would have no change in religion; but Berne insisted, and therefore dissolved the alliance; so Berne remained Geneva's only friend.

The bishop then excommunicated the town, and with his canons retired to Annecy. On this the sovereign council of the canton declared his authority at an end, forbade the Mass, and enjoined that God should be worshipped according to the Gospel.

This was the state of things within the town when D'Erlach's army relieved its blockade and released the prisoner of Chillon.

A year afterwards, that is in 1537, John Calvin first appeared in Geneva. He was then a young man, a Frenchman by birth, a native of Picardy, who had been obliged to fly from his native land on account of the opposition and persecution that he had met with. He had escaped into Switzerland by an unfrequented path over the Col de Ferret, the Val d'Aosta, and the Great St. Bernard. Thus he got into the Valais; and in passing through Geneva he met with the bold and adventurous

Farel, who urgently pressed him to stay. It was not at first his own wish, but at length he consented, and next year he was made professor of theology in the university. Thus to these two reformers Geneva may be said to owe her church. They were both men of very decided opinions and measures, and, no doubt, better fitted for this later period of the reform than they would have been for the earlier work of Luther and Zwingle. Without the least hesitation they swept away everything that they disapproved; there were to be no ceremonies and no festivals, except the Sundays; while in doctrinal teaching they were equally stern and unbending.

Calvin's was, no doubt, a master mind, since he has left so strong a mark not only on his own times, but on succeeding ages. He was, like his brethren, Luther and Zwingle, a man wholly absorbed in his work; and his industry was enormous, notwithstanding his delicate health. But his temper was bad—possibly in consequence of his infirmities. It was his great trial, for he was fully aware of it; and we think of him with very

different feelings than those with which we dwell on the rough but warm-hearted character of Luther, or the genial and lovable one of Zwingle; and whilst they from the first advocated religious liberty, Zwingle fully and constantly, and Luther at least so far as to oppose persecution, Calvin when he had got into power, and was the leading spirit in Geneva, gave his voice for the death of a heretic, and systematically maintained what he considered orthodoxy by the strong arm of the law.

Nothing can justify these things, not even the intolerant spirit of the times and of the church in which he had been brought up; yet Geneva owes a great debt to Calvin. For, not only did he write commentaries and other works, and preach and teach with great diligence, but he was the means of establishing the Geneva Academy, which has since been a nursery for clergymen and divines for several of the European Protestant churches. He also formed the Consistory, or governing body of the church, which has subsisted in a modified form to our own times; and, more than

that, he collected and revised all the old laws and statutes, and out of them composed a code which was approved and adopted by the General Council in 1543.

Yet neither he nor Farel were always unopposed. On the contrary, having refused to submit to the decision of the synod of the Reformed Church at Lausanne, in 1538, they were ordered by the magistrates to leave the city; and Calvin then went to Strasburg and founded a church there. But Geneva could not, even so early in his course, get on without him, and he was soon recalled.

His life, however, was not a long one. Worn out by his great labours, he died at the age of fifty-five and was buried in the common burying-ground, at his own desire, and without any pomp, though his funeral was attended by nearly all the population.

His friend and follower, Theodore Beza, succeeded him; and the same year Berne made a peace with the Duke of Savoy, the terms of which gave back to him some districts in the country, on condi-

tion that there should be no hindrance offered to the reformed religion, a condition which the duke's successor altogether disregarded; for he drove away the pastors and abolished all reforms, conspiring at the same time against Geneva.

His intention was to take the city by assault; but happily a sentry was roused, and gave the alarm; and so the horrible fate which seemed to await the citizens was averted.

This was in 1602, when Theodore Beza was of a great age, and had given up preaching; but next Sunday the old man ascended the pulpit, and began singing the 124th Psalm, in recognition of the deliverance. The anniversary of that day has been ever since kept in Geneva.

Afterwards the neutral states interposed, and mediated a peace, which lasted until the terrible era of the French revolution. After that it was annexed to France, and so remained until in 1814 the allied powers restored all places and things to their rightful owners, and a diet which met at Zurich, taking as a basis the old confederation, established in its place a new one, in which were

several new cantons — Geneva and Neufchâtel being among the number. There are now in all twenty-two. It was on the 7th of August, 1815, that this compact was finally arranged.

CHAPTER XIV.

REMARKABLE MEN OF LATER TIMES.

LAVATER, PESTALOZZI, DE SAUSSURE, GESNER, JOHN MÜLLER, AND MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

Two centuries passed away after those stirring changes of the 16th century, in which Switzerland may really be said to have taken the lead; and they were centuries peculiarly barren in events of any general interest.

The Swiss took no part in the terrible Thirty Years' War, but they were frequently engaged in resisting the interference of foreign powers, and in religious wars between the Romish and Protestant cantons. But at length, in 1712, the peace of Aarau terminated all these unhappy contests; and then there succeeded a long period

of tranquillity, broken only by the French Revolution.

It was during this interval of calm that another of Switzerland's notable men was born—one, indeed, whose eloquence, daring imagination, and remarkable talents as a physiognomist procured for him a European celebrity. A time of peace was almost a necessity for the development of this order of talent; and some contemporary writers have described those as truly halcyon days, when free from the load of taxes which pressed on other nations, and defended by their own armed populations, the Swiss dwelt in happy security.

Others, however, speak of much internal tyranny, of great injustice in judicial proceedings; of overbearing oligarchies, of the extensive use of torture, of the prevalence of bribery and corruption, as well as of a general narrow-mindedness and opposition to all innovation which seemed to call for some other vast political convulsion to restore a healthy national condition. Probably there is a measure of truth in both accounts.

But be this as it may, Lavater seems to have

enjoyed a childhood and youth undisturbed by outer troubles, as in those days there were neither wars nor threatenings of wars to distract his mind from thought and study.

The son of a medical man, he was born at Zurich, early in the eighteenth century; and he has himself left the following interesting sketch of his parents' characters:

"My father was a man of well-known probity. His character was simple and good, his judgment clear and enlightened. He was neither learned nor eloquent. He was not a man of genius, and not at all philosophical. His assiduousness and laboriousness never relaxed. He was, in truth, one of the most moderate, most upright, and most contented of mankind; his chief joys consisting in the exercise of his profession, in his family circle, and in his Bible. His only passion was the desire to hear and retail the news of the day. In his whole mode of life he was the model of an honourable citizen. My mother was endowed with an elevated mind, an ardent imagination, and the constant desire of acquiring new ideas—a desire

manifested both in great and little things, but which was satisfied much more by objects of high interest than by the petty cares of life. Her taste for intellectual enjoyments was insatiable, and her activity indefatigable. She was fond of forming plans, of realising them, and of penetrating to the bottom of everything. Her love of truth and her delicacy of conscience were carried even to moral prudery, for she would not allow of the slightest untruth, the slightest tinge of dissembling, or the most innocent flattery. There were profound depths concealed in her heart, in which one passion absorbed all, *vanity*—not the vulgar vanity which assumes so easily the form of coquetry, for she was above the failings of her sex—her special type was that which made her attach immense value to whatever she did that was honourable and great."

Notwithstanding this last somewhat depreciatory remark, Lavater evidently felt towards this great mother of his as it might be expected that he would; and when at the very height of his popularity, he would put his hand on his

heart and say, "I have her always there." Nor did he often hear of any eminent man without remarking that "No doubt his mother was an intelligent woman."

Lavater has had several biographers; all of them describe him as a pious and good man, whose heart was thoroughly in the pastoral work to which he had devoted himself, notwithstanding his literary tastes and intellectual turn of mind. Before he left college, his love of natural history and his special talent for physiognomy had been observed; but it was at about the age of five and twenty that he first began to make a real study of the human countenance, with the conviction that a resemblance might be discovered between the face and the character. He used to collect portraits of people whom he had met, and to make sketches of others, and then reflect much on the features, writing down his observations; and so at length he produced his "Essays on Physiognomy," in which his aim was to raise it to the rank of a science. Another of his books is entitled the "Art of Knowing Mankind by Physiognomy."

These two works have been translated and reproduced in many different forms.

"The majority of physiognomists," he wrote, "only treat of the passions, of the movements they impress on the muscles, and of the expression which is peculiar to those passions. All such refer to particular movements, which it is very easy to study. It seems to me of much greater importance to judge of characteristic traits in the natural and normal conditions of expression, considered quite independently of the influence of the passions, and of accessory circumstances; and those signs of the inner man, I partly discover in extremities and in the *contour;* as, for instance, in the forehead, the nose, the skull, and the bony projections; and partly, too, in the *ensemble* of those features, and their fitness, their harmony with the form of the entire individual."

Withal, he was a Swiss of the olden type, and while still young showed that he had the spirit of his countrymen of bygone days by fearlessly denouncing an unjust magistrate, who had been appointed by the authorities of the city; and, sup-

ported by his friend Fuseli, who afterwards achieved celebrity as painter, he carried through his opposition to this man, in spite of all the disagreeables of the struggle, until justice had triumphed. In this matter his good mother heartily sympathised with him, and would say, "My Gaspard, I know thou hast not begun this matter without God and prayer. Thou shalt be aided by Him to the last."

When that business was over he went into Germany for a time, and from thence he wrote many letters home, in which he pressed on his friends the necessity both of study and of imitating the example of the Saviour. "He was with us," he said, "like to a man; and His virtues were independent of His union with God. A man who would act like Jesus could not have been an impostor or a fanatic."

An intense love and benevolence for his fellow-creatures was the leading feature of Lavater's moral character; and this led him, not only to decline taking any part in sectarian disputes, but also to make assertions on subjects on which the Holy Scriptures are at least silent.

On his return from Germany he married a woman in every way worthy of him, and with whom he lived in such peace that at the end of many years he wrote to her: "There is no pleasure so great as that of being near thee. . . Like to one day have passed the years of our happy union."

During these quiet times Lavater produced many other works beside those on physiognomy. Some of these were religious writings, and some poetical. In 1567 he produced "Les chants Suisses," which were very popular, and show what a real Swiss patriot he was.

Then when in Germany he had become acquainted with Klopstock, and his intercourse with him had set him largely to cultivate his taste for sacred poetry. Between 1565-8 he published poetical versions of the Psalms.

He knew and admired Goethe, as Goethe did him; yet they differed in every way, and Lavater made many an effort to bring the sceptical German to a sense of Christian truth, though unhappily in vain.

Like many another lover of liberty, Lavater at

first rejoiced at the outbreak of the French Revolution. He was at that time the chief pastor of St. Peter's Church at Zurich, and held in high and general esteem, having distinguished himself for his active benevolence during a famine in the canton.

Well acquainted with the degraded and oppressed condition of the French people, he hailed their rising in his "Song of a Swiss;" but his opinion rapidly changed as tidings of the fearful excesses and dreadful massacres reached him; and he began to fear the influence of the example of France on Switzerland.

Among these massacres was that of the Swiss guards, who fell in defending the French royal family, in 1792; in memory of which a statue of a gigantic lion, wounded mortally, but still endeavouring to his last gasp to defend a spear bearing the fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons, is hewn out of the rock at Lucerne. The design was by Thorwaldsen, and the monument is now one of the sights of that city.

The infection did indeed soon spread, and

insurrections of peasants took place. The first occasion was at the village of Stäfa, and when the rising was quelled, the magistrates were disposed to punish the leaders with death. But Lavater warmly interposed, and interceded for the poor men. It was a political offence, and he entreated the magistrates to let mercy prevail, and, to his great joy, with success.

Times of peace, however, were over for Lavater. In 1798 the French invaded his native land. He fearlessly preached against them, and, more than that, he wrote a letter, entitled "A Word by a Free Swiss to the Great Nation," and sent it to one of the members of the French Consistory.

In this letter, which was dated "The 1st year of Helvetic slavery (1798)," he wrote: "You came under the pretence of freeing us from the aristocracy, and you have imposed upon us a yoke far more intolerable than any we had before endured. When you entered the Helvetian territory you proclaimed that your sole object was to punish the oligarchs of Berne, Freyburg, and Soleure. The other cantons, to their shame be it said, looked on,

THORWALDSEN'S LION AT LUCERNE.

and took no part against you. Zurich voluntarily changed its government into a democracy; but your general ordered us to accept a new constitution, framed by yourselves, and we submitted; a few days after you imposed upon us another constitution for all Switzerland, and we submitted likewise to your singular fashion of imparting liberty to other countries. We then thought we had done enough; but you came and quartered yourselves in our houses; you drained us by your exactions, and you levied a contribution of three millions upon our senatorial families, who had ruled our cantons for ages according to our old constitution, and certainly without incurring any charge of extortion."

"I quietly await the result," said Lavater after publishing this letter, but he did more; for he energetically denounced every arbitrary action, and for so doing was twice exiled to Basle.

He was in Zurich, however, when the French, after defeating the Russians, entered Zurich in September, 1799. Under the command of Massena they had first stormed the city, and Lavater had actively

encouraged the citizens to resistance throughout the attack. When the army spread through the city, Lavater, hearing of some deed of violence, again left his house, and was wounded either by a French soldier or, as some say, by an assassin, whose name he never would reveal. He did not die at once, but persevered in working on until 1801, when he sank from the effect of that shot at the age of sixty.

His thoughts are said to have been more and more fixed on Christ as he approached his end, and he was constantly dwelling on His love, and on His blessed example.

Zurich has had many a good citizen, and we have to speak yet of another born in the same city five years later than Lavater.

This was Henry Pestalozzi, whose name is well known as the originator of a system of education peculiar for its attempt to make learning easy to those of tender years, a system largely adopted in our infant schools.

Lavater and Pestalozzi were singularly alike in one marked feature of the character of each,

namely, an intense benevolence towards their fellow-creatures; but the latter, who in early youth formed the resolution of devoting his life to some grand and important undertaking, and of giving himself up from the beginning to the service of his country, was peculiarly drawn towards all who were oppressed, and was especially fond of children.

The story of his early life is one of indigence and struggle, and it is recorded of his father that before his death, feeling that he was leaving his wife and children to the mercy of strangers, he called to his bedside a country girl, who had been his servant, and committed all his family to her. "Babely," he said, "in the name of God, and of His mercy, do not abandon my wife after my death; she will not know what to do; my children will fall into the hands of strangers who will treat them harshly. Without thy aid she will not be able to bring them up, and without that aid they will be separated one from the other."

The noble girl answered, "I will not abandon your wife until the hour of her death," and she never did.

Perhaps it was from the experience of poverty that Pestalozzi learned to feel for the poor; but another circumstance served to give his mind its peculiar bent. His mother's father was a village pastor, and every summer he went to stay a while with him, and was taken to visit his schools, and led to mix with the poor people, and so to learn how oftentimes they suffered from the oppression of the rich.

Thus he saw the benefits of education, and his mind dwelt on the improvement of rural schools. When grown to man's estate, he joined a cultivator of madder, and married a young lady of some fortune, who threw her heart into the carrying out of the plans which he had formed. At once they began to collect and teach poor and ragged children, and to spend all that they could spare in feeding and lodging the poor. Thus his remarkable talent was developed, and he soon acquired a considerable fame.

The difficulties which he met with, however, were immense. He had much opposition, and went through many trials in carrying out his

benevolent schemes, and before long all his wife's fortune was exhausted. "He attained to glory in the noblest of all ways," says one author—"that of self-sacrifice." But he also tried another path of usefulness, that of a popular writer of wholesome tales. "Leonard and Gertrude" and "Louisa" set the pattern, afterwards followed with greater success by his own countryman, Albert Bitzius, pastor of Berne.

Like his fellow-citizen Lavater, Pestalozzi worked humbly, and in a whole-hearted manner. His was no dilettante labour, but real life work. "The Christian," he said himself, "sees by the doctrine of his Master that he ought to sacrifice his fortune, and even his life, for his fellow-creatures."

Ah! if all Christians did but follow that rule, what a much better world this would be! Is it not the common notion that if men and women do *a little*, and give *a little* of the time or the money that they can spare, they have done all that is required of them?

Another marked feature in Pestalozzi's character

was that he absolutely could not be discouraged. At Neuhof he began his career. Thence he seems really to have been driven by unkind opposition of all sorts. But he went thence to Stanz, in Unterwalden, where many children had been orphaned by the French war, and there he began again, and was often alone among his children, doing everything for them. In a few months he succeeded notwithstanding in subduing insubordination, and so conquering by love a lot of half-savage children that he came to be regarded by them as a father. But in 1779 his institution was taken for a military hospital, and, exhausted by his labours, he had to resort to the baths of Gurnigel.

After that he established himself in the old Schloss of Burgdorf, and the latter part of the time spent there was his golden period, but he began by accepting the post of usher in a school in the town. Pestalozzi has "discovered the true principles of the universal laws to be observed in all elementary teaching," was the report of a government commission. But afterwards the Bernese government wanted this castle,

and he had to move and begin again—this time first at Münchenbuchsee, and then at Yverdun, on the lake of Neufchatel. There it was that he became known far beyond the boundaries of Switzerland; and there Madame de Staël visited him, and thus described him: "Apart from his intellectual expression, it is impossible to be uglier than Pestalozzi. Figure to yourself a stooping old man five feet two inches high, of very neglected appearance, and never more so than when dressed in a black frock-coat—the one he wore on grand occasions. His grey hairs hang down over his face, which is deeply pitted with smallpox, and full of freckles. Moreover, it does not present one single regular feature. I know not what kind of confused appearance in the whole prevents you from understanding the arrangements of that physiognomy. The upper part of the back of the head is flat, and as it were thrown forward. But under a forehead of the noblest form shine two eyes, not with the fire which darts forth lightning, but with the internal light of a great soul, absorbed by some grand thought. Such was Pestalozzi. I saw him

more than once in his establishment at Yverdun, whilst going through his different classes at the time of their studies, or seated on a bench without hearing or seeing what was passing around him, buried in his thoughts—those thoughts which were at the same moment realised and manifested in the activity pervading that vast establishment. He only abandoned his habitually pensive mood in order to smile affectionately at his children, who called him their father."

But the institution at Yverdun declined from many causes, and he had to retire to Neuhof, where his work had begun; and thence, sick nigh to death, he was removed to Brugg, where he expired in peace in the year 1827.

Horace Benedict de Saussure was another modern Swiss celebrity, who was born in Geneva in the same year as Lavater, 1740, but died some time before him. The fame of this indefatigable philosopher depends probably upon his great work, "Travels in the Alps;" but his observations and discoveries did much for the advance of the several natural sciences—geology, mineralogy, chemistry,

electricity, and meteorology; and he invented a thermometer for ascertaining the temperature of water at all depths, an electrometer for showing the electrical condition of the atmosphere, and other scientific instruments.

This very original man was brought up in the college of Geneva, and at two and twenty he was elected one of its professors. He spent his life as a teacher, writer, and adventurous explorer; but his own words best show what he was and what he did.

"I had a decided passion," says De Saussure, "for mountains from my infancy. At the age of eighteen I had already been several times over the mountains nearest to Geneva; but these were comparatively of little elevation, and by no means satisfied my curiosity. I felt an intense desire to view more closely the High Alps, which, as seen from the summit of these lower mountains, appear so majestic. At length in 1760, alone and on foot, I visited the glacier of Chamouni, then little frequented, and the ascent of which was regarded not only as difficult, but dangerous. I went there

again the following year, and from that time I have not allowed a single year to elapse without making considerable excursions, and even long journeys for the purpose of studying mountains. In the course of that period I have traversed the entire chain of the Alps fourteen times by different routes. I have made sixteen other excursions—to the Jura, the Vosges, the mountains of Switzerland, of Germany, those of England, of Italy, and of Sicily and the adjacent islands. I have visited the ancient volcanoes of Auvergne, part of the Viverais, several of the mountains of Forey, of Dauphiny, and of Burgundy. All these journeys I have made with the mineralogist's hammer in my hand, and with no other aim than the study of natural phenomena, clambering up to every accessible summit that promised anything of interest, and always returning with specimens of the minerals and mountains, especially such as afforded confirmations or contradictions of any theory, in order that I might examine and study them at my leisure. I also imposed upon myself the severe task of always writing notes upon the spot,

and whenever it was practicable within twenty-four hours."

So this indomitable man worked on at his favourite pursuit, and retained his professorship until 1786, when he was made a member of the Council of Two Hundred. Afterwards, when Geneva became part of the French Republic, he was a member of the National Assembly. But he lost nearly all his property in the Revolution, for it had been vested in the public funds. He died, however, soon after these troubles, breathing his last in the city where he had been born.

Contemporary too with all these great men, and a native of Zurich, was the Swiss poet, Solomon Gesner, whose "Death of Abel" has been translated into several languages, and who was also a good landscape painter and engraver.

Schaffhausen has the honour of giving to Switzerland her principal historian, John Müller.

He was the son of a pastor, and the grandson, on the mother's side, of another. The date of his birth was 1752; and only five years later, at

the marriage-feast of a relation, he gave a proof that the taste for history had been almost born with him by the drolly dramatic way in which, mounted on a chair, he amused the guests by relating some historical events.

To his mother and to her father he seemed to owe his characteristic traits; very early his young mind was as deeply impressed as Zwingle's had been by the narratives of the Bible.

He had an unhappy school life, under a severe master who did not discern his talent, which indeed was a perfect passion in him; for he would read over and over again, perhaps nine or ten times, the driest historical books. His memory was something prodigious.

An infantine declaration that he would write a book like one in his grandfather's library, was followed at nine years old by an attempt to write a history of his own city; and his ardour was immensely quickened by a study of the Latin classics. During his youth John Müller was a very hard student, and before he had entered the university of Göttingen to prepare, according to

FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

his parents' wish, for the ministry, he had fallen in love with ecclesiastical history, and had fixed on Mosheim, then Chancellor of the university, as his pattern.

Three excellent qualities for an historian were developed in him from the first—an unbounded patience in research, a love of picturesque writing, and a great disgust for mere traditionary tales.

At college the number of these with which he met in his reading induced him to abandon two undertakings of the nature of church histories, and disgusted him with that study.

Fully conscious of the talent intrusted to him, however, he early conceived the wish to serve his generation by his writings, as well as in the pastorate, and began collecting materials for his "History of Switzerland" as soon as he left college, when, at the age of twenty, he was made by the government of Schaffhausen professor of Greek.

Ever after his "History of Switzerland" was the work to which he devoted himself, and the idea of the pastorate seems to have been abandoned. He gave up his life to this object, read,

travelled, made friends with literary characters, with this always the first idea in his mind.

John Müller was the associate of Lavater, Gesner, De Saussure, and Charles Bonnet; but his chosen companion was Ch. Victor von Bonstetten.

He was a great admirer of the French, and preferred their language to either his native German, English, or Italian. Frederick the Great was one of his early heroes, and he was greatly flattered by being summoned to his presence.

Afterwards the French Revolution broke out, and Müller, like many others, expected great things from it. He was courted by many of the great of the earth, so much so that the Emperor did his very best to persuade him to change his religion, and become a Romanist.

On his history he spared no pains, touching and retouching every page, and neglecting no source of accurate information; but his literary tastes were somewhat discursive, so that, forgetful of the examples of the models he had once proposed to himself, Livy, Thucydides, and Tacitus, he wrote

many other things, "A Universal History," "Travels of the Popes," etc.

For some years he lived at Cassel, under the patronage of the Landgrave of Hesse; but love of country prevailed, and he retired to Geneva. But it was too troublous an age for repose. The French Revolution, affecting and involving Switzerland so deeply as it did, forced Müller to travel from place to place, and he died at Cassel, aged fifty-six, after having been courted and petted by many a distinguished man—Napoleon Buonaparte among the number.

We might speak of others, great in various departments of science, or in other walks of life; but these alone serve to show that Switzerland has in recent times had men who could bear to compete with those of older days; nor indeed should a still more recent name be omitted here, that of one who but a few years ago was a frequent visitor to our own country, Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigné, the well-known historian of the Reformation, who was born at Geneva within five years of De Saussure's death.

CHAPTER XV.

ALPINE CLIMBERS.

ADVANTAGES OF MOUNTAIN EXERCISE.—MONT BLANC, AND ITS CLAMBERERS.—ATTEMPTS ON THE MATTERHORN.—A FINAL SUCCESS.—THE JUNGFRAU.—ACCIDENTS.—SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THESE EXPEDITIONS.

It is a trite remark, but very suitable for the opening of this chapter, that there are two sides to every question.

What I mean is this: It is often doubted whether the present race of Englishmen are as hardy as their ancestors; whether our modern discoveries, and consequent increase of comforts, have not softened and refined us to such a degree that we can neither bear nor do what our forefathers could; and, likewise, whether the ease in which we live, and our sedentary habits, are not very unfavourable to the development of sturdy limbs

and hardy frames. This is one side. But let us look at the other.

Necessity does not force men out of their studies, perhaps; but does not what they learn there supply another motive which, to some extent, compensates for the change?

Surely it is so. The writings of our scientific men, and not only their writings, but their examples also, have driven our young men abroad: some to endure the cold of Arctic and Antarctic regions; some to meet it in Alpine climes; and thus to encounter physical exertion, fatigues, and hardships of which our forefathers little dreamt!

And thus we find numbers now scaling those very walls which for ages were a barrier between the Swiss and other nations; indeed, we see that those very features of the country which in olden times kept foreigners out, now form the chief attractions to allure them in! So one says, "In my weariness the mere thought of the snow-peaks and glaciers was an exhilaration;" though, at the same time he remarks, "that the perils of wandering in the High Alps are terribly real, and only

to be met by knowledge, caution, skill, and strength. For hastiness, ignorance, or carelessness the mountains leave no margin."

Sad and melancholy it is to think of the brave lives lost amid these tremendous scenes; and yet it is easier to count the number of such than of those others that have been braced up and strengthened mentally as well as physically by the resolute attempt to do and dare, to sustain fatigue and to overcome obstacles, which to the multitude are quite insuperable.

To ascend Mont Blanc, in view of which De Saussure had lived all his life long, was at first the great feat proposed to themselves by ambitious Alpine travellers; and Albert Smith's ascent in 1851 rendered that for some time the popular enterprise of the day. But he was not the first to attempt it. De Saussure, as we have seen, had long before gone up for scientific objects. He wished to make his experiments at a great height, and from time to time one and another followed his example to the number of fifty-six, besides guides, between 1786 and 1852.

CHAMOUNI, AND MONT BLANC.

One of these was a Madlle. d'Angeville, who, when at the summit, made her guides lift her over their heads that she might have been higher than any one else.

Three years after Albert Smith's ascent a Mrs. Hamilton went up, and a Swiss peasant girl also reached the top of the monarch of the Alps. But I must say that some of these tourists have most unjustifiably risked, not only their own, but other people's lives.

After all, now that the best way of doing it is known, Mont Blanc is pronounced "not a difficult mountain to ascend;" and, in fact, it is far easier than Monte Rosa, the Mischabel, the Jung Frau, the Wetterhorn, and others.

The Matterhorn, otherwise known as Mont Cervin, was considered inaccessible up to 1860; but so grand an object does it form, standing like a huge pyramid on an otherwise unbroken line of glaciers, that excursions to its neighbourhood had long been frequently made.

This magnificent mountain is a peak of the great southern chain which divides Switzerland

from Italy, and it is situated between the Great St. Bernard and Monte Rosa. Professor Forbes has described it as "beyond comparison the most striking natural object that he had seen," "an inaccessible obelisk of rock, not 1000 feet lower than Mont Blanc."

In 1859 Mr. Vaughan Hawkins took counsel with a celebrated guide named Bennen, who then came to the conclusion that the top of this pinnacle might yet be attained, and the next year the attempt was accordingly made, Professor Tindal being one of the party.

"This mountain," says Mr. Hawkins, in writing his account, "is a very different sort of affair from any of the thousand and one summits which nature has kindly opened to man, by leaving one side of them a sloping plain of snow, easy of ascent, till the brink of the precipice is reached, which descends on the other side. The square, massive lines of terraced crags which fence the Matterhorn stand up on all sides nearly destitute of snow, and where the snow lies thinly on the rocks it soon melts, and is hardened again into smooth,

glassy ice, which covers the granite slabs like a coat of varnish, and bids defiance to the axe." The way to it is between two precipices, and under toppling crags. No wonder, therefore, that the dwellers in the neighbourhood have been unwilling to set foot on these mountains!

The adventurous party who now attempted to scale it started at three a.m. one Monday morning in August, with their courage a little damped—perhaps not a little—by news of a recent terrible accident on the Col du Géant, and by five a.m. they were crossing the first snow beds, with Bennen cutting steps in front of them, all having agreed if their feet slipped to throw themselves instantly on their faces, digging in hard with alpenstock under the body, in order to stop the descent. Soon they changed their plan, and assailed the rocks, which were, however, found to be ice-bound and slippery; so their course had to be shifted again, and from ledge to ledge they moved, until by half-past eight they all stood upon a broad red granite slab, the lowest step of the real peak of the Matterhorn, and where none had ever stood before.

"The slab forms one end of the ledge of snow, surmounted at the other end by some fifty feet of overhanging rock at the end of the ridge!" and above them now rose the towers and pinnacles of the Matterhorn—a tremendous array. How were they ever to mount them? Two ways seemed open, and they chose a middle ridge which forms the backbone of the mountain. Then Bennen turned to address them: "*There must be no fear.*" They were not afraid; but the difficulties on which they entered were now enormous. On and on they went, Bennen always in front, and often perched like a bird on some bit of projection. Singly they followed him, and silently, along a narrow ledge of rock, with a wall on one side and nothing on the other.

"There is no hold," says the narrator, "for hands or alpenstock, and the ledge slopes a little, so that if the nails in our boots hold not, down we shall go. In the middle of it a piece of rock juts out, which we ingeniously duck under, and emerge just under a shower of water. Presently comes a more extraordinary place—a perfect chimney of rock, cased all over with hard black ice. The

bottom leads out into space, and the top is somewhere in the upper regions.

"Nothing to grasp at; but Bennen rolls up into it somehow, like a cat. Tyndall follows, then Hawkins. He slips in the middle, and has to be hauled up."

This is a specimen of the ascent.

The difficulties above seemed about the same as those now conquered, and they thought it just a question of time. Bennen and Tyndall pushed on still; but here Hawkins and the other guide halted, and remained resting until the first two came down, confessing that for that time the attempt must be abandoned.

"Descending," says Mr. Hawkins, "unlike ascending, is generally not so bad as it seems;" but that ice chimney was a considerable business, and Carrell stuck fast, and had to be got out by Bennen.

Then came two hours' hard work, until a sort of snow crater, portentously steep and deeply lined with fresh snow, was reached. There were rocks below at the end of a kind of funnel. "Cautiously,

with steady, balanced tread, we commit ourselves to this slope, distributing the weight of the body over as large a space of snow as possible, by fixing in the pole high up, and the feet far apart; for a slip or stumble now will probably dissolve the adhesion of the fresh, not yet compacted mass, and we shall go down to the bottom in an avalanche. Six paces to the right, then again to the left; we are at the mercy of those overhanging rocks just now; but all is silent, and soon we gain confidence, and congratulate ourselves on an expedient which has saved us hours of time and toil."

The snow was travelling down too beside them; they were soon a little under the lee of the rocks; and all risk over, they floundered heedlessly in the deep snow, and ere long were once more on level ground.

Tyndall, however, could not be satisfied until he had conquered this mountain. Two or three years later he made a second assault on it, with ropes and ladders, and more guides; and, not succeeding in getting to the top, he renewed the struggle in

1868 a third time, when to his great satisfaction he came off victor; but he was not the first to gain the summit. Footmarks of two or three days' date were found on the topmost ridge. They were probably those of a young clergyman, Mr. Elliott, who next year was killed upon the Schreckhorn.

There may be, as Professor Tyndall observes, "morality in the oxygen of the mountain, as there is immorality in the miasma of a marsh;" but one thing is certain, that in many minds this passion for mountains becomes a complete infatuation. It is much to be desired that similar gigantic efforts were oftener made to combat enemies more to be dreaded, and overcome obstacles of a different description.

Poor brave Bennen could not accompany this last expedition up the Matterhorn, having four years before met his death in an avalanche when engaged in a similar undertaking.

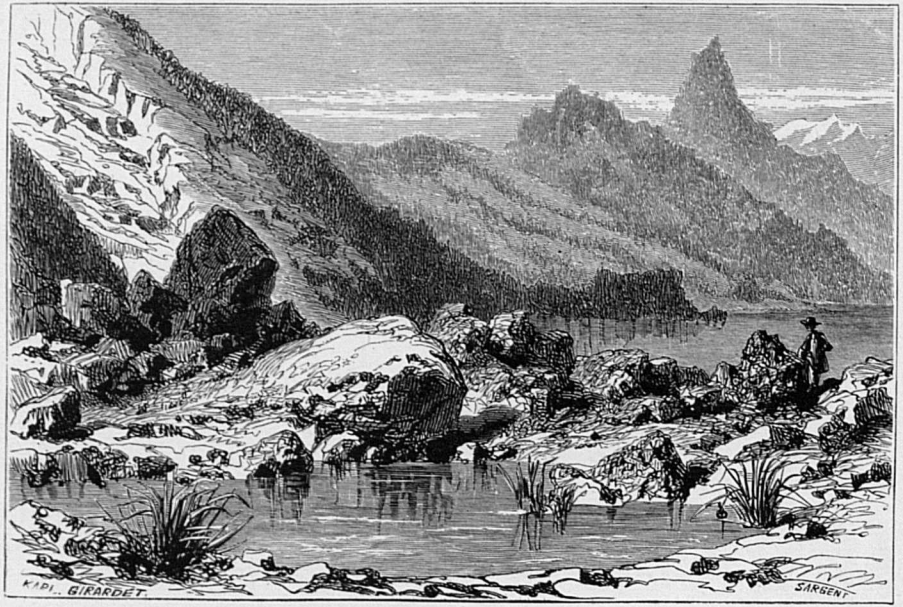
This circumstance shows that no amount of prudence can insure a man from terrible catastrophes in these awful regions where the elements

of nature seem so strong, and sometimes burst out in such unexpected ways.

The fall of the Rossberg on the village of Goldau, near the Righi, and therefore in the district of the Waldstätten, occurred in 1806. On that occasion it appears that there must have been some sort of earthquake, and such unusual things happened that even the birds flew away screaming.

The Righi seems to be the property of these Forest Cantons. It is rather a group than a single mountain, and stands in an isolated position between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne. It is its situation rather than its elevation which has rendered it famous. Its summit is really only 5700 feet above the sea-level, but it stands in the midst of most lovely scenery, and those who reach the top have an extensive panoramic view on all sides—a view that is scarcely equalled anywhere in the Alps.

Then it is an accessible mountain, and four different mule-paths leading to the summit are all much frequented in summer by travellers



RUINS OF GOLDAU.

from various parts. In fact, this is among the most delightful of expeditions. About 2000 cattle graze on the top, where there is beautiful pasture-ground, and the middle and lower parts are encircled by forests.

People go out to the Righi from Zurich, from Lucerne and other places; but all the paths converge and join before a little inn called the Staffelhaus, which is, however, half an hour's walk below the Culm, or topmost point, on which stands another and far better house, which is called *the* inn. This house contains 300 beds, which are quite needed, seeing that in one year as many as 30,000 persons will visit this mountain. But all who sleep there may expect to be awakened by the sound of a wooden horn about sunrise, when there is a general stir, and every one gets up with the hope of a splendid prospect—a hope pretty often, however, disappointed:

"Nine weary uphill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

"Seven sleepless hours we tossed, and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose he."

Another sight, however, is sometimes witnessed on this mountain when the mist happens to rise perpendicularly from the valley below, on the side opposite to the sun, and that is the "Spectre of the Righi."

It may be the shadow of the Righi Culm, or of any person on the top, greatly magnified, but, whatever it be, it is thrown against this wall of mist and often encircled with a halo, which has in it the prismatic colours of the rainbow, and sometimes these doubled.

A circumference of 300 miles is said to be visible from this mountain, but the nearer objects are the two lakes of Zug and Lucerne, the waters of both of which wash its base.

That lovely Lake of Lucerne, the lake of the four cantons, on the shores of which William Tell and the thirty confederates performed their exploits—

"That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,"

as Rogers calls it—is perhaps the most beautiful and interesting lake in all Europe. It is well known to be dangerous to all inexperienced boatmen, but those who know it can always foresee a storm, so that accidents are rare.

The Jung Frau is another celebrated mountain, situated, however, not in the great southern Alpine chain, but in the inner and more northerly one, known as the Bernese Alps, at one end of which is Mont Diableret, and at the other the Schreckhorn, the Finster Aarhorn, and the Wetterhorn.

All this range, with many of the great points, may be seen from the neighbourhood of Berne; but when first the traveller comes within a near view of the Jung Frau, he is struck with its magnificent expanse of perpetual snow and glacier. A steep black precipice abruptly ends this, and forms a ravine separating the Jung Frau from the Wengern Alp. Down this precipice avalanches continually descend, especially soon after noon. A loud roar like thunder is first heard, and then is seen a vast gust of white powder. Whole tons

of ice broken from the edges of the glaciers then descend with the snow, and in summer three or four such discharges may be seen in an hour—the avalanches finally ending in a deep ravine, and feeding a stream which flows through it.

The pure unsullied snow which always covers this mountain gave occasion to its name, Jung Frau, or The Virgin. No one had ever trodden its crest until some forty-eight years ago, when six peasants ascended it. And then in 1841 the two professors, Agassiz and Forbes, went up, accompanied by two other gentlemen. Since then other persons have made the ascent.

The Jung Frau rises to about 13,720 feet above the sea-level. It seems to have been on the Wengern mountain, and in full view of it, that Byron composed a part of his "Manfred."

In naming Agassiz I have named another celebrated Swiss; for this great naturalist was born in Switzerland, and for many years occupied a professor's chair at Neufchatel.

He began to acquire fame in 1828, and in 1847 became, by invitation, Professor of Natural His-

LAKE OF DAUBEN ON THE BERNESE ALPS.

tory at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Agassiz was distinguished in two particular walks of science; he made many researches in fossil remains, and was the first to propose the division of fossil fishes according to the formation of their scales. He confirmed the discovery of the existence of animalculæ in the red snow, and convinced other men that there are higher forms of life in those heights than had been before supposed.

And as a geologist also he greatly distinguished himself, though, like many another philosopher, he seemed to grow dizzy with the height to which he had attained, and speculated on some matters which are beyond the province of science.

Men like him, Forbes, or Tyndall, may find health and refreshment in ascents like these; but they have other objects in view which stimulate their exertions. Tyndall, for instance, tells us that he went up the Aletsch-horn, in order there to observe the polarization of the sky—in other words, the changes produced upon the light by the action of certain media, by which it exhibits the appearance of having poles possessing certain qualities.

Never had he seen the sky of a deeper, darker, or purer blue, he says, and adds, "You can look through very different atmospheric thicknesses at right angles to the solar beam, and, looking across the sun's rays to the zenith, the blue is deeper than in any other direction, and the proportion of polarized light in the sky to other lights is then the greatest."

He made, also, many observations on colours, and on light itself, in these great heights, on the heat in the sun's rays, and the different qualities of heat; on the nature of clouds, of ice, and of snow—subjects which seem to the unlearned very unpractical, but which are continually being brought down to common life in many useful ways. Photographs, for example—of what are they the result, but of observations and discoveries regarding the sun's rays.

Yes, our different tastes and our different gifts are all designed to work for the common good; and so, when in the providential government of this world, some other instrument or power is required, a man is born with a disposition or a

prepossession which makes his fellows wonder, and possibly call him mad. After a time the new discovery is made; it gradually comes into use, and by-and-by the wonder is over, and the debt which his fellows owe to the discoverer is sometimes, though not always, acknowledged. So the world goes on, and so "knowledge is increased."

CHAPTER XVI.

SWITZERLAND AS IT IS.

PICTURESQUE SCENES, VINES, PASTURES, PEOPLE, CHALETS, RANZ DES VACHES.—KORAULE, CHEESES, ETC.—WILD ANIMALS, CHAMOIS HUNTING, GOATS, MULES, PINES.—SWISS INDEPENDENCE, LAWS, DIVISION OF PROPERTY, GOÎTRE AND CRETINISM.—SHREWDNESS OF SWISS.—PASTORS, RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.—DECAY OF DOCTRINE.—EVANGELISTIC PREACHERS, REVIVAL, EGLISE LIBRE.—MAL DE PAYS.—PARTIES AND CLIQUES, REVOLUTIONS.—NEW CONFEDERATION.

SMALL as Switzerland is in truth, it should be remembered that its real size cannot be estimated by a glance at the map, seeing that it does not consist of a flat plain like Holland, but in great part of a series of ascents and descents, on which a vast amount of industry is expended; besides all the enormous expanses of ice and snow which feed the rivers and the lakes, and thus contribute to the riches as well as to the beauty of the land.

Say that we are entering the country at Lausanne, which stands about midway on the upper shore of the Lake of Geneva, and passing eastward, arrive at Vevay, where the purest French in Switzerland is spoken, and where the people are neither so simple as the inhabitants of the Valais, nor so rustic as the Savoyards, neither so smooth-spoken as the French, nor so sharp and blunt as the Bernese.

Approaching Meilleray, the scenery will, to his admirers, be full of associations with Rousseau and his writings; and here the rich vineyards meet our view. One above another, these extend to the height of three leagues. Each forms a sort of terrace supported by a wall; and at one point there are forty of these terraces, reached by steps cut with infinite labour in the hard rock, and with great economy of land; for every inch of ground is valuable, because only on the side of a hill will these vines come to perfection. Five hundred pounds an acre is given for the best vineyard land, which yet, when bought, needs constant labour at all times when it is not covered with snow. Many

labourers, too, are needed, and they work for small wages; while, in order to make the property pay, every bit of the vine is used, the stalks and leaves serving as food for the cattle, and the husks, after being pressed and wedged into round moulds, being used, when dried, for fuel—burning something as peat does. In this district Indian corn, also, is sown between the vines.

The wines will keep, some of them for sixty years, and they resemble the Rhenish. A square foot of land is reckoned to produce two bottles annually; and in some houses the cellar is the part most inhabited of all the rooms of the house. In the châteaux they are enormously large, and one is known to be capable of containing a million bottles. People use them as the common sitting and reception rooms.

But grapes unfermented are in great request too, and at Montreux, the Montpelier of Switzerland, a course of grapes is considered the best cure for consumptive patients.

A pleasanter scene, or one more full of life, can scarcely be witnessed than these vineyards present

when, on the return of spring, the peasants turn out again to their tasks, and fill the air with their songs.

The grape-harvest, too, affords many an exciting scene. But in some parts the vines grow in low rows, and the people are thus almost hidden while picking the fruit.

They often mash the grapes in the field, and then the juice is said to have a most unpleasant appearance. But the Swiss let it stand just long enough to ferment, and then drink sometimes too deeply of it. Of course it is a very unwholesome drink, and those who indulge too freely are miserable-looking objects.

In La Vaud the grapes are excellent, and sell for about threepence a pound.

When the vintage is over the winter seems close at hand; and Swiss winters are always trying, not only from the severity of the weather, but from the coldness of the large galleried and draughty houses, and the dearness of fuel. Often, however, the houses are heated by means of large porcelain stoves.

In the cities there is plenty of gaiety for those who love fashionable society, and plenty of quiet sociability for those who do not.

The inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud have other riches, too, beside their vines; for above them are the mountain pasturages, and depending on these, the trade in cheeses, which is extensive.

Many of the people are very well-to-do, and on market days cars come jolting into the towns, filled with well-dressed farmers and others—the men in their blue cloth jackets and trousers, the women in their black bodices, white sleeves, coloured petticoats, and aprons, surmounted by the beehive-shaped straw hats, and little black lace caps under them.

If one travels up these mountains, one comes first to forests of fir, and then to those of pine, to a considerable height. At the base you are often in lovely meadows, carpeted by a thousand flowers, among which, in its season, waves the snowy and graceful narcissus, while later in the year may be seen many a bank of delicious

wild strawberries as large as any grown in gardens, and as sweet.

And then, to add to the beauties of these scenes, there stands here and there, on some eminence, an ancient castle with all its memories of bygone days, while almost everywhere in this land, mingled with the songs of the peasants, there is the sound of water—the beat of the wave on the shore, the onward flowing of the noble river, the rush of the mountain torrent, the splash of the waterfall, or the rippling and bubbling of some little stream.

We hear a great deal of the châlets, but though very picturesque in appearance, they are by no means such charming dwellings as is often imagined, the common ones being formed of trunks of pines, notched at the ends so as to fit into each other at the angles where the logs cross; then they are covered with low flat roofs of shingle, weighted with stones to prevent them from being carried away by the wind.

Scarcely ever are they water-tight, and being used mostly by the herdsmen when out watching

their cows, they often contain little beside the dairy apparatus, perhaps indeed just a truss for the cowherd to sleep on, and a bench and stool; and all the interior is often blackened with smoke.

Other châlets are merely used as sheds, in which to house hay; but with one sort or another the pastoral valleys are generally dotted over, and thus they have the appearance of being much more populous than they are.

The herdsman's work is pretty hard; he has often eighty or ninety cows to tend and milk, the cheese to make, and all the utensils to keep clean. Sometimes these men live entirely on potatoes and milk. According to the season they move with the cattle from the lower to the higher Alps, and back again.

All these mountain pasturages go by the name of Alps; and sometimes they belong to the commune, sometimes to individuals.

A man may possess perhaps as many as twenty of these châlets, which, notwithstanding their rough construction, will stand and resist the weather for centuries.

INTERIOR OF A CHALET.

The spring is the time to see these pasturages to advantage, and it is a pretty sight to see the cattle start for the mountains.

The cow who has been queen of the herd the year before always heads the procession, which may consist of two or three hundred. She wears a finer collar and larger bell than the others, and seems quite aware of the distinction she enjoys, and also of the way she is to go.

At the end of the journey she generally fights with some stranger cow for the precedence, and holds or yields it according to the result of the battle.

Each cow is said to yield a hundredweight of cheese during the summer months, while in England a good cow gives two hundredweight during the whole year.

Some districts are entirely pastoral, and not a plough is to be found in them; neither are vegetables nor fruit cultivated, though hay naturally is thought much of. Up the heights of rocks which even goats cannot climb, the poor people go, clinging to the precipices with iron crampons on

their feet, in search of grass; and sometimes terrible accidents thus occur.

In such districts eagles may be seen to soar overhead, and little groups of snow-white goats appear between the forests of pine, while all sorts of lovely plants grow on the rocks, with here and there a rustic-looking house peeping out at intervals. No window-tax ever seems, as with us in olden times, to have spoilt the buildings; for the numerous windows are among the charms of Swiss homesteads. Houses of wood are, however, in the present day being superseded by houses of brick.

With such materials it is singular that landscape painting is not at a high point in Switzerland, and that the best landscape painters rather seek their subjects in Italy. But it has been said that Switzerland is *taking*, but not *takeable* to artists, everything being on too vast and grand a scale.

People in England talk of the Ranz des Vaches, which literally means cow-rows, but it is only amid these Alpine heights that the effect

of its simple modulation can be appreciated. The loneliness of the mountains, their echoes, the gusts or sighs of the wind, and the various other sounds of those regions are accompaniments absolutely necessary for the effect: and so is the lowing of the herds that are said to love it, and that, at any rate, follow and obey its strains.

And yet though we say *its* strains, the Ranz des Vaches is rather a class of airs than any single one. Indeed every valley seems to have one of its own, though the original is said to be that of Appenzell.

Sound travels far in those solitudes, so that women can hear their companions call and answer them from one peak to another, and when, in the twilight of evening, the Ranz des Vaches is heard bursting on the ear, the sensation is, to one unaccustomed to it, almost magical.

The story of the old song is always the same. The cows are going to pass the summer in the mountains, and they come to a bad part of the ground, a part over which a torrent has been rushing, and they cannot pass. So the chief herdsman

goes on to beg the prayers and blessing of the curate of the parish, and the chorus to every verse is :—

"Come along, all of you,
Come, my pets,
Black and white,
Red and starred,
Young and old,
Under the oak,
There I'll milk you
Under the aspen tree,
There I'll settle the milk.
Cush, cows, cush, cows, come and be milked."

Or, alternately with this :

"Those who wear the bells
Go the first,
All the black ones
Go the last."

The Swiss love singing, and in some districts they are passionately fond of dancing too.

In one part they have a national dance, which is always accompanied by song, and known as the "Koraule," which possibly was the frequent occasion of riotous revelry, since of late years it has been forbidden by the government except on four

occasions in the year, and at weddings, when it absolutely could not be put down.

And here I should mention that on wedding occasions it was formerly the custom to present the bride and bridegroom with a huge cheese jointly contributed by their friends, and that this cheese was handed down, generation after generation, as a family register, on which were inscribed births, deaths, and marriages. Some of these old cheeses, bearing the date of 1660, are still to be seen. Cheese, in some parts, forms the staple food of the people, and in those places the labourers are often paid in cheese. *New* cheese will sometimes cause illness, and when that is the case the patient is treated with *old* cheese as the proper cure. The larger the cheese the better its quality as a rule, and a man has been seen descending from the pasture ground with one weighing one hundred and eighty pounds on his shoulder. France alone buys from Switzerland about three million pounds of cheese annually.

It is a singular compliment paid to guests in some parts of the country, to place before them

the oldest food that can be got, as bread made from very ancient corn, or hams that have been dried many years back. It may be concluded from this that Swiss air must be excellent, and Swiss appetites considerable, while Swiss digestions are such as are altogether unknown amongst ourselves!

The Swiss are famous confectioners; and in fact half the capitals of Europe are furnished with Swiss pastrycooks.

Enormous cakes, filled with a *compote* of boiled fruits, are one of the great luxuries of the common people, and they are also very fond of dried plums, from which besides they get an unwholesome spirit, known as kirchenwasser; but coffee is the common drink of the people.

These mountain regions, however, have their perils as well as their riches and pleasures; and these in other forms than crevasses, avalanches, or fatal frosts. For wild animals naturally haunt these half-desolate regions, and wolves and bears sometimes cause terror alike to man and beast.

The cattle dread the latter animals far the most.

If they see a wolf they are known to form a circle round their calves, and with their heads outwards and bent to the ground, they will keep the foe at bay with their horns. But all cows will fly from a bear, and rush to their keepers for protection; though the bulls will boldly combat even these, and a contest between a bull and bear sometimes forms a standing village tale.

I have said nothing as yet of the chamois hunting, which causes so much excitement in certain parts of the land. In the Canton de Vaud, and in the neighbourhood of Bex, there is a great deal of this sport, because there is in that part plenty of game.

Mrs. Strutt, in her "Domestic Residence in Switzerland," tells some sad tales connected with this hunting.

A young man in the ardour of pursuit jumped down after a chamois upon a point of rock, on which he suddenly found himself insulated, without possibility either of returning or descending. In this frightful state he passed three days and nights, half frozen, half famished, supporting himself on

the flesh of a marmot he had killed. The fourth day, however, a party of hunters passing that way by accident, beheld him, and succeeded in drawing him up by ropes from his state of suspense and suffering.

Another hunter fell from a height of 1300 feet. His father, uneasy at his not returning home at the time expected, set out to look for him, and found him lying at the foot of the tall rock, with his skull fractured. The unhappy parent lifted him up and carried him home, a distance of four leagues, on his back, through ways which with such a burden would have been impracticable to anything short of the energy of grief.

This chamois hunting is a pursuit which seems utterly to engross those devoted to it, and the calling, if such it may be termed, is transmitted from father to son for generations succeeding each other.

It must be the love of the sport which attracts, however; for a chamois fetches no more than from fifteen to twenty shillings, and the hunters seldom kill more than twelve or fifteen in a year; and yet

will they endure any fatigue, privation, and danger in the pursuit, gaining in physical and mental vigour what they miss in a pecuniary point of view. For these chamois hunters are often noble fellows.

Among the riches of Switzerland may be reckoned the great number of mules which are found in all the mountainous parts, and without which in fact the mountain regions would really be uninhabitable.

The mule will eat just what it can get, and do with little or much according to circumstances. Its patience is never exhausted; it knows how to choose the safest paths; and in a band those behind always follow the first mule. It likes society, and in fact becomes melancholy and unreliable when alone.

Sure-footed, however, as is this creature, it will sometimes, if too heavily laden, fall in descending a steep path.

Besides their cattle, the Swiss possess large herds of goats. These are not always, however, the property of any single individual. It sometimes

happens that each family in a village keeps its goat, and then a goatherd goes round every morning with his horn and collects them together, and leads them up to the mountain pastures, where they remain enjoying themselves among the rocks until the evening, when they are brought back and given over to their respective owners, milked, and warmly housed for the night.

Milk is the great thing desired by this pastoral people, and not to possess a milk-giving animal is esteemed such a misfortune that, as a little solace to the poor, cream is in some parts regularly distributed to them on the third Sunday in August.

The old Swiss houses, so famous for their great number of windows and enormous kitchen chimneys, used to be built of pinewood. But brick houses are superseding them now a days, to some extent, because so many forests have of late been cut down and sold, and the pine being a slow growing tree, there was at one time a danger of its becoming extinct. Some of the ancient pines on the Jung Frau are supposed to have stood the blasts of winter for a thousand years; and they

THE TÊTE-NOIRE.

flourish at far greater altitudes than firs will do. They seem to require scarcely any earth, but grasp with their strong, rough roots, the frozen rocks out of which somehow they contrive to draw moisture. Some of these trees are said to be 160 feet high, and twenty-four feet in circumference. It is their peculiar conical form, which enables them to bow to, and thus resist the force of the storm; and their slow growth is partly owing to the shortness of those Alpine summers.

It would be a really grievous thing were the mountains stripped of these grand old fellows; but happily the government became aware of the danger some years since, and laid a good many restrictions on the cutting of timber.

To see the real Swiss people, such as we have perhaps been used to picture to ourselves, one must penetrate to the mountain valleys and outlying rural districts, or at least get away from all the border towns, where French, German, or Italian manners cause the natives to be only a sort of half-and-half.

One thing has, however, probably been truly

remarked of all the inhabitants, that but little of that grinding poverty which we well know, is to be found among them anywhere. This is no doubt partly owing to the natural independence of the people, as well as to their industrious habits and shrewdness in business. Then their climate is one that tends to brace and nerve to exertion; while the long struggle which they have been forced to keep up in order to hold their own, for centuries past, has given the people a spirit of self-reliance, which usually succeeds in keeping them at least from pauperism. The laws also are framed on this principle: For instance, a man may not marry unless he has certain possessions, and can show himself able to defend his homestead from fire and from robbers.

He must have arms and a uniform, hatchet, bucket, and ladder.

Thus is he taught the useful lesson of responsibility; and custom, at least, is a law to a woman. She must have acquired a sufficient stock of linen, and have learned many domestic arts which it were well if English girls also acquired. Thus

Swiss women are famous for their linen; and a girl will begin laying up her stock long before she has met her partner for life. Moreover, in some parts of the land, the young couple must prove their possession of a Bible before the pastor is authorised to tie the marriage knot.

In Switzerland all a father's property is equally divided among his children, so that even a fruit-tree may belong to several persons, who each expect an equal share of the fruit, and so stiff are the people in stickling for their rights that an article of furniture will sometimes be sawn into so many parts, that each member of a family may have his share.

It will naturally be supposed that quarrels frequently arise and that lawyers are in great request; but Swiss lawyers, happily, are not exorbitant in their charges.

However, the Swiss, like all other nations, and in spite of all their natural advantages, have their own trials and their peculiar sicknesses.

And some of these are indeed terrible. On the Italian side, and perhaps in some spots north of

the Alps, Mr. Murray warns us that there is, about the embouchures, a good deal of malaria.

And again, it is in the grandest and most beautiful valleys of the Alps that goître and cretinism prevail.

The former is a swelling of the thyroid gland, in front of the neck, which generally appears in a child at about the age of twelve or fourteen, and gradually increases until it becomes an enormous thing—"a hideous wallet of flesh," as Shakespeare calls it.

It is not painful, and not always apparently very inconvenient to those who are accustomed to such things; but now and then the mass becomes too large to be borne; and the sufferer actually crawls on the ground because she cannot walk with it. It is chiefly the women who suffer north of the Alps; and in the Valais so few are free that those who are get laughed at as "goose-necked" persons!

In some other parts the men are thus affected more frequently than the women.

Cretinism is a far worse thing, and, sad to say,

it is found in the same places where goître prevails. For this is a melancholy sort of idiotcy. The cretin can scarcely do any work; he has an enormous head, a vacant countenance, stunted limbs, and an inarticulate way of talking. Sometimes the cretin is so incapable of taking care of himself that he is not safe alone; and yet many of these poor creatures are importunate beggars, and used at one time to be most troublesome to travellers; but at the present time care is taken to keep these poor idiots out of sight.

Evidently some atmospheric causes are at work to produce these sad diseases, but there has been a great difference of opinion on the subject. A removal to the mountains will sometimes arrest the growth of the goître in childhood. With these exceptions the Swiss are a hardy people.

As to the doctors, they are extremely moderate in their demands, which, considering their little occupation on account of the healthfulness of the country, is somewhat singular.

The Swiss are known to be ingenious in many kinds of workmanship, as, for instance in wood-

carving, in embroidery, and in clock-making. Their manufactures, however, are many; and every year there is an exhibition at Berne and Geneva of the productions of the fine and useful arts. Many Swiss leave their homes for a time, and practise some branch of industry in foreign countries, returning in later life to their native land with their gains. Like the Scotch they are very keen, not only in getting but in keeping their money. "It requires ten Jews to cheat a Swiss," says the proverb; and because the Genevese are the sharpest of all, it adds, "and ten Swiss to cheat a Genevese."

And yet in spite of all this, we have but to read the memoir of the life and labours of Pestalozzi, to perceive that there is, or at least was, much ignorance and much need too in some districts, though the poverty, by all accounts, falls far short of what we, with our greater wealth, see side by side with it.

But then a great improvement has doubtless taken place in the last half century; and in the little canton of Geneva alone, there are more insti-

tutions for the public good than perhaps in any piece of country of the same extent. Good men, in fact, never live in vain, and Switzerland has had more good men of late years than outsiders are aware; and they have left their mark.

To say nothing of more prominent characters, many and many a good Swiss pastor has lived and laboured in his own quiet, sometimes widely scattered and mountainous, parish, where the mere visitation of the sick must be laborious work. It is said that, as a body, these pastors are an exceedingly plain and painstaking class of men; and it is certain that they have a great deal of secular, as well as spiritual work to perform, such as keeping registers and lists of all sorts, which occupies a great deal of their time. But happily they are usually regarded with great esteem by their flocks, and are generally looked up to quite as leaders, and even as fathers, of the people; and often the poor peasants derive their winter libraries from these pastors, and in that way alone, considering the length of the winters, they are very much indebted to them.

In the Swiss Church the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered eight times a year—that is, of course, in the reformed cantons. These administrations are marked and solemn seasons, and a very large number of the population is present on these occasions. The inns are shut at such times, and no wine may be sold. The men go up first and the women next, with the exception of Geiss, in Appenzell, where on account of their service in battle—at the battle of Amstoss—the women go up first.

A reverence for the Holy Scriptures has also been a characteristic of the Swiss since the period of the Reformation. Bibles have not been so easily procured as here; but for that very reason they have been more valued than they sometimes are amongst us, and copies are often handed down with great reverence, from one generation to another.

Yet with this outward observance of sacred things, a canker was, during the last century and early in this, working at the root of all, and Arian or Socinian doctrines were held by a large number

both of clergy and people; indeed these and rationalistic notions are far from being rare even now, though the labours of some eminent preachers have no doubt effected a great change.

In the High Alps Felix Neff did a great work now nearly half a century ago. He was born at Geneva, and from the time of his own awakening to spiritual realities at about the age of twenty until his death in 1829, he endeavoured to be a missionary to all around him. At first he worked as a lay evangelist and catechist, but after a time he began to desire the imposition of hands, that he might be a recognised pastor.

There were, however, great difficulties arising from his want of a regular education, and also from his repugnance to connect himself with the National Church of his country, on account of its then avowed Socinianism; and yet being opposed to anything like schism, and hoping for a revival at some future day in the land of his baptism, he would not join any separatists in his own land. But he had met with two English dissenting ministers, and by their advice he went to England,

and thus obtained ordination at the hands of a body of Congregationalist pastors.

The later years of his ministry were passed in the French Alpine villages; but his earliest work was in the mountain hamlets of the canton of Geneva. He held little *réunions* in the village houses, catechised or preached wherever he had an opportunity; and God gave him great success. His work excited so much interest in England that no less than ten different memoirs of him have at various times appeared.

His early death seems to have been owing to the privations which he endured while engaged in these mountain labours.

About the same time the excellent Cæsar Malan, also well known in this country, raised his voice for the truth; but so much opposed was he in his own National Church that he was forced to exercise his ministry in a sort of private assembly. After a while, the "Eglise Libre" was formed; and to that communion Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, belonged.

Jean Jacques Rousseau thus describes the re-

ligious state of Geneva about the time when Neff's work began in the canton:

"It is asked of the ministers of the Church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ be God? They dare not answer. It is asked if He were a mere man? They are embarrassed, and will not say they think so. A philosopher, with a glance of the eye, penetrates their character. He sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he proclaims it and thinks he does them honour. They are alarmed, terrified; they come together, they discuss; they are in agitation, they know not to which of the saints they should turn; and after earnest consultations, deliberations, and conferences, they neither say yes nor no. O Genevans! these gentlemen, your ministers, in truth are very singular people. They do not know what they believe or what they do not believe. They do not even know what they wish to believe. Their only manner of establishing their faith is to attack the faith of others."

This is the testimony of Rousseau, whose presence in their neighbourhood would not certainly

tend to strengthen faith, but whose memory has been honoured by the citizens with a statue set up by the side of the modern bridge which spans the Rhone.

Voltaire himself had lived for twenty years at Ferney, within a walk of the city, while the sceptical historian Gibbon had selected Lausanne as a residence.

But other instruments besides Neff and Malan were employed by God to raise this fallen church from the deadly slumber into which it had sunk. In fact before Neff had begun his evangelistic work a Scotch gentleman had entered the city with the same object near his heart. He found that as early as 1810, a few friends, amongst whom was a young M. Bost, disgusted with the wretched teaching supplied by their pastors, had instituted a little gathering called "La réunion des amis," the records of which show that they were feeling after the truth. This society, frowned upon by the pastors, had, however, at the end of four years, dispersed; but its more serious members had then joined a little Moravian church.

LAUSANNE.

These scattered few had longed and prayed for a guide and a teacher, and many of them now found what they sought in the devoted Robert Haldane. At his lodgings, which have been called "Le berceau de la séconde Réformation de Génève," the students of divinity were wont to assemble; and with them he went regularly through the Epistle to the Romans.

The late Mons. F. Monod, of Paris, who was one of this class, in his account of those days enumerates a long list of names of signally useful ministers, whose minds were instructed and whose hearts were touched under his instructions, and amongst others the two just named, Cæsar Malan and Merle D'Aubigné. And he adds: "The name of Robert Haldane stands inseparably connected with the dawn of the revival of the Gospel on the continent of Europe."

Miss Bremer gives the following description of the origin of the Eglise Libre in the Canton Vaud. "It began," she says, "after the Revolution of 1845, when the new self-constituted government required that the clergy of the National Church

should read from the pulpits in the presence of the congregations, a long proclamation in vindication of its accession to power, and its mode of action. A great number of the clergy refused to obey this command, because the new government had established itself by violence, and because the canons of the Church required that the pulpit should be kept free from political questions and discussions.

"On this the new government gave the protesting clergy their choice between obedience to its commands or retirement from their several congregations, whereupon upwards of 800 ministers retired from their office, although the greater number did not know how they should find bread or the shelter of a roof for their families."

But this brave protest awoke great sympathy, and many homes were opened to them, while numbers of the people seceded with their pastors, and formed separate congregations apart from the State. But for a long time these were subjected to great persecution.

There are also a good many Vaudois churches

on the Savoy side; and over these a great revival has passed since the commencement of this century.

Intercourse with the French, however, which was considerably increased after the Revolution, did the Swiss harm in many ways, and especially in lessening their national regard for the Sabbath.

All along the western side there is naturally a considerable intermingling of these two nations—the French and the Swiss; while Neufchâtel has always been Prussian, another element which has not here been taken into account.

The Swiss, however, like most other nations, consider themselves far superior, not only to the French, but to all the world; and, like other nations, as it must be owned, they do not hesitate to express their opinion pretty freely.

And certainly, in many moral qualities they are far above their western neighbours; being neither so frivolous nor so changeable, and possessing a much deeper love for their native land. A Swiss banished from his beloved fatherland is well known to suffer as perhaps only the in-

habitants of mountainous countries do, from a malady known as the "Mal de pays," a melancholy so intense as to amount to a real disease.

It is in times of trouble that the Swiss nation is seen to be one; otherwise no people can be more divided into sections and parties; and in fact, I may add, in spite of their republican principles, more inclined to cut itself up into little sets and parties.

The division into cantons, each with its own government, is the beginning of it all; and just as it used to be in the old time, so now still, there are great jealousies and rivalries among these separate little states, so that nothing but some common danger brings them into union.

But there are many other divisions in Swiss society, in which a stranger might expect to find all men equal and all men brothers. The children of a village may all alike attend the same school, for no distinction of birth is supposed to be acknowledged; but if not of birth there is the distinction between a poor man and a rich one,

and also between a man in office and a man not in office; and thus the children when they come out of school early learn how to class themselves, and with whom to associate. A considerable parade is, in fact, made of all official dignities, and monsieur le juge or le syndic is treated with as much deference as heart could wish, while their wives share in their honours.

Then, according to their occupations, the Swiss hold their heads high or low, in the same way, only with perhaps more scrupulosity than we English do; so that in some cities there may be ten or a dozen defined grades, the topmost of which may consist of those who either have, or once had, large estates of their own, and the descendants of foreigners who were once noble. Afterwards, perhaps, come the clergy, and in a university town, the professors, and then the merchants, and so downwards.

Besides these divisions, the Genevese children, and I believe some others, are associated from their earlier years in little societies, and they associate only with one another—"sociétés de di-

manche" these are called; and the special society forms a clique in which the young person, especially if a female, moves perhaps all her life.

Men and women live much apart in Switzerland, and, generally speaking, the Swiss think but little of their girls; sometimes hardly reckoning them in the number of their children.

In their amusements this people seem to be above most other nations; they delight in athletic sports, and in shooting at a mark, and similar exercises, but do not indulge in the cruel sports which even our own common people love, such as cockfights and boxing matches, etc.; and, moreover, in the present day, they seem to be on the whole, not only an industrious and contented people, but generally speaking, a moral one.

As a nation they have, perhaps, a greater respect for antiquity, and especially for their own old heroes, than any other people of Europe. This explains, perhaps, the recognised custom of retaining the old coats of arms and other remembrances of distinctions of rank in a land that prides itself on its republican government. Many of the towns

have some monument or sign of a long bygone age. These are often affixed to the fountain possessed invariably by every Swiss town or village; and the buildings themselves are often very ancient. The old country costumes are however disappearing—a thing much to be regretted.

Whether the people have always really enjoyed the liberty of which they have so much boasted is a question. That they have kept themselves free from foreign powers there can be no doubt; but the records of the internal government of the different cantons pretty plainly prove that the actual populace were constantly tyrannised over by the popular governors; and this sort of tyranny is well known to be more demoralising than that of one great man, more crushing to the faculties, and more degrading. This again, perhaps, may account for the stagnant condition of Switzerland as a nation in the "scale of nations."

"Down to the times of the French Revolution," says one writer, "the common people of Switzerland, except in one or two of the cantons, had no more share in the constitutional privileges, which

all Swiss were supposed to possess as their birthright, than the subjects of the despotic monarchies of Austria or Prussia. The government was vested in the hands of aristocratic oligarchies, as exclusive and as proud of birth, blood, and descent as the most ancient nobility in Europe. The burgher patricians of the great towns managed, by gradual encroachments, to deprive the lower orders of the exercise of their rights, and gradually monopolised all places and offices for themselves and their children; and even in some of the small cantons, where the constitution had been for ages in theory a pure democracy, every male above the age of twenty having a vote, the result not unfrequently was that the same persons, and their children after them, were always elected to the offices of trust and power."

The French revolution and the subsequent tyranny of Napoleon caused a complete shaking of everything. For a time France was Switzerland's ruler in one shape or another, and all sorts of horrors, massacres, and sufferings took place; and it is worthy of remark here that during that terrible

struggle, the old Waldstätten once more distinguished themselves by the repeated defeats which they gave to the invading army, and by finally succeeding in keeping the French out. But the story of that time is too long to tell; and I have therefore not attempted it. Suffice it to say that good came out of the enormous evil, and that finally many of the changes which Lavater had advocated were effected.

In 1815 the allied powers solemnly acknowledged the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland within her own borders; and the diet which met at Zurich cordially expressed their gratitude.

The federal part of the new confederation, consisting of twenty-two cantons, was then signed by all the deputies, and a provision made for the discipline and furnishing of certain federal contingents; so that without keeping any standing army Switzerland can, when necessary, assemble in a few days a force of nearly 70,000 men for its own defence. While the federal part was under consideration the different cantons were engaged in making alterations in their own codes; and it

was settled that the diet of the whole nation which declares war or peace, and which alone could make alliances with foreign powers, was to meet each year in one of the three vororts or directing cantons, namely Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne.

Democratic principles prevail now for the most part, especially in the Protestant cantons; but a great many excellent alterations have been effected in all, except perhaps in the Forest Cantons, which keep their own primitive government, and are as rigid Romanists as ever.

The great Diet, or Tagsatzung, also, has acted with wisdom and moderation; and when it is not sitting the direction of general affairs rests by turns of two years with the three towns, Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne. Most of the modern improvements in arts and civilisation have found their way into Switzerland.

They have railways, the electric telegraph, and the best coinage in Europe. Moreover they spend a great deal on their roads, and have no custom-houses, keep no gendarmes, and require no pass-

ports. It is therefore in many ways a pleasant land for travellers.

The years 1830 and 1848 saw other changes pass over the governments of Europe, and in the first, Switzerland moved before the revolution broke out in France. After 1849 the seat of the Diet was fixed permanently at Berne; and other modifications were then made, of interest to the Swiss, and to political students, but scarcely to the general reader.

As Dr. Lardner observes: "The standard of Switzerland still shows the three colours of education, economy, and industry;" and long may it continue to do so!

THE END.

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